The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns: neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Another McKinley bargain! The new "Derby" mackintosh for Spring wear. Made from special heavy-weight water-proof coating of excellent quality, and cut in latest style. Well worth 25s. Our price 18s. 6d.; carriage paid. Ready for service, in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned if you are not satisfied.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

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Homespun Knicker Suit, two pairs breeches, as new, 37in. chest, 18½in. sleeve, 5ft. 9in.; 32s.—Box 5080, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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Wanted, Lounge Suit, 6ft., chest 40-38in. and 20in. inside leg seam; also Summer Shirts.—Box 5083, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

SPORTS & PASTIMES.

Conjuring, Jokes, Card Tricks. Catalogue free.—Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre (Dept. MM), London.

Square Tent, four poles, front curtains, height 5ft., width 3ft. 6in., complete, cost 35s.; 16s. 6d.; unused, bargain.—Box 5072, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 822.

Cut here

SPORTS & PASTIMES.

Ayres' Tennis Racket, almost new, 13oz. weight; accept 5s.—Box 5071, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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Wanted, gentleman's Cycle (enamel plating, and tyres must be good) in exchange for first-class English Lever, new, value 50s., or sell.—Box 5074, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Wanted, Cycle, 24in. frame, standard make, 3-speed, Enfield or Raleigh preferred.—Box 5075, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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Wanted, built cane Salmon Fly Rod, Hardy's, accessories; full descriptions, lowest price; also landing net.—Box 5077, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Sandow's 12s. 6d. Dumb-bells, unused, charts, complete; bargain at 7s. 9d.—Box 5078, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post-free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

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For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 818.

PHYSICAL CULTURE, &c.

For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advertisement on page 814.

1,000 solid Black Enamel Ring-weights, 56lb. 3s. 6d., pair 6s. 9d.; 28lb. 2s. 6d., pair 4s. 9d.; "Ring-weight Exercises" free to every purchaser.—E. Trevor, 279, Beresford Street, Camberwell, London, S.E.

250 pairs Sandow's 7-Spring Grips, second-hand, but equal to new, boxed complete, with charts, to clear at 6s. 3d.; postage 6d.—E. Trevor, 279, Beresford Street, Camberwell, London, S.E.

MEDICAL, &c.

Moustache-Grower. Send me P.O. for 1s. and I will mail you the recipe of my wonderful moustache-grower, which will positively force a moustache within three weeks. Equally good for forcing new hair on the head.—Box 4669, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Sore and Perspiring Feet.—The best preventive known. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 5013, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razors with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. "Swift," Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's latest invention, the best wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre (Dept. MM), London.

FREE, 7s. 6d. Safety Razor, with extra blades, absolutely free to all sending P.O. 1s. 6d. (3d. extra for postage and packing) for one of our marvellous 3s. 6d. Pocket-knives, English oxydised steel handles, best make; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4670, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 6d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Camera bargain. No. 6K Klito hand camera, absolutely unused, won as prize, takes twelve quarter plates, Anastigmat lens, F7.7, Automat shutter, rack focussing for portraits, cost £3 3s.; accept £2 10s., or nearest offer.—Box 5016, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

The *Daily Mail* describes some members of the University crews, whose fathers also rowed for their 'Varsities, as "hereditary 'oars.'" Chips off the old—sculls, eh?

* * *

A forthcoming West-End production is to be called "The Pink Lady." Is she any relation, perchance, of the vapid-looking dame on the poster-hoardings, who advertises the marmalade with the orange flavour?

* * *

The newly-appointed Chairman of the Aero Club is Sir Charles D. Rose. Perhaps I may be permitted to query, ever anxious for information, when, and in what, Sir Charles D. Rose?

* * *

Political Query: Why was Mr. Keir Hardie?

* * *

No, Cuthbert, that daily paper headline "Final Scenes" had to do with the closing stages of the Minimum Wage Bill, and bore no reference to the ultimate Cup-tie at the Crystal Palace, which does not take place till April 20.

* * *

Another headline runs "Mr. Asquith Breaks Down." All parties in the political arena cordially hope that it will be a long time before the Right Honourable gentleman breaks up.

* * *

At the Simple Life Exhibition at Caxton Hall recently bachelors were given lessons in the art of bed-making. The only thing that most bachelors know that has the slightest connection with beds is how to get "three sheets in the wind."

* * *

Surrey Ladies recently beat Middlesex Ladies at golf by five games to two. "No wonder!" said an adherent of Mrs. Pankhurst. "A middle sex is no good. Woman must be first or nothing!"

* * *

Following upon Mr. John Burns's statement that the boys of the Poplar Training School were capable of meeting the Eton boys on the cricket field, arrangements are pending for a match. I am afraid, though, that the Poplar boys may feel more than a little moth-Eton after the game.

* * *

Medico-Political-Note: A correspondent writes to suggest that the Industrial Syndicalist League is suffering from Tom Mann poisoning.

* * *

"A newly-discovered tint for ladies' dress materials is eucalyptus green," so called because it is rather a *cold* colour, I presume.

* * *

The Prince of Wales is to put in an "educational sojourn", of four months in Paris. If this includes the study of agriculture, you may rely that the sowing of wild oats will *not* form part of the curriculum.

J. S. Cox.

PLEASE REMIT.

Mr. Harold Smith, brother of Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., has been telling a good story about the first time he went racing.

Favoured by the beginner's proverbial luck, he won a considerable sum of money. Indeed, the bookie declared he had not enough ready with him, but said he would send on a cheque if Mr. Smith would give him his card, which Mr. Smith did.

The cheque arrived, but a few days later Mr. Smith received a letter from the solicitor to a railway company reminding him that on such and such a day he had travelled from Manchester to London without paying his fare, giving instead his visiting card, as enclosed, and would he please to remit at once?

THE HINT THAT FAILED.

Enormously rich, Earl Fitzwilliam has not been content to lead a life of idleness, but as soldier, politician, sportsman, mining engineer, and treasure-hunter he has seen much of the world and done many things worth doing.

As a coal-owner, there are not many of his employees who can teach him anything about the practical side of mining. Once he was down one of his mines when he came upon a man working under what seemed to the noble owner to be dangerous conditions—a fall of the roof was threatened.

He pointed out the risk and advised the man to take precautions, but the miner thought he knew better and was inclined to be sarcastic at the expense of amateurs.

An hour later he was dead, crushed by the fall the "amateur" had foreseen. Somehow the report got about that it was Viscount Milton—as he then was—who had been killed, and the young lord had the experience of reading his own obituary in the Press.

EMIGRATION SHARKS.

The country is infested at present by emigration sharks who, under pretence of assisting poor people to emigrate, fleece them in every way.

The bait is the promise of certain employment and fabulously high wages; but when the applicant gets in touch with the principal he finds that he has to pay a premium and also his passage money.

In some cases the agent simply levants with the deposits secured from his victims, but in others some pretence is made of carrying out the contract.

The emigrants are taken to the Land of Promise, and conveyed to some remote spot in the interior, while the agent doubles back to London for a fresh batch of victims.

The safe rule is to emigrate only through a Government office, or an accredited agent of the Government. In the latter case, however, make sure that the agent is what he represents himself to be.

Many of these swindlers, more especially in the provinces, boldly advertise themselves as authorised agents of this or that Colonial Government, when, in fact, they are nothing of the kind.

THE BATHING MAJOR.

The inventor of the bathing machine was a Margate man, and Messrs. F. L. Pettman, of Cliftonville, are, perhaps, the oldest bathing-machine proprietors in the kingdom.

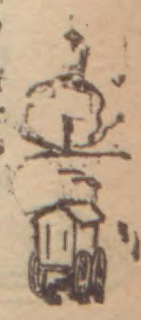
The early type of machine was fitted with a collapsible hood worked by a string, so that the modest females of those days could let it down and bathe within its privacy.

The hood, however, was eventually abolished, owing to a very regrettable incident at Margate—so says the present head of the Pettman firm.

A certain choleric Army officer—a major—was about to bathe one day from a hooded machine, only in this case the hood was up. The wind was cold, and the Major stood shivering on the brink trying to make up his mind for the plunge. In fact, he shook so much that the catch restraining the hood was loosened, and down came the crinoline just as the Major jumped.

The canvas was old, and the Major shot half way through it, to remain suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, 'twixt heaven and earth, or, in his case, water.

His language was such that a large portion of the cliff fell down, and in view of this, and threatened actions for assault, battery, false imprisonment, and heaven knows what else, the hoods were done away with.



A SKETCH.

THE THIEF

By ADAM STERN.

He had all the appearance of an honest man: blunt, manly features, a steady look at you from dog-like, deep-brown eyes; firm, full mouth, with sensitiveness latent in the corners—altogether of the better type of British workman, with a natural independence to keep you at a distance, though not too chill to alienate your sympathy.

And this is the story he told me, while we walked along the road that Saturday afternoon with our dogs at our heels.

". . . .That day. . . . Eh, I remember it well. I had only got tuppence in the world. I had had nothing to eat since breakfast. I had been walking about all day, trying to get a job. I was feeling mighty sick and bad when I got back to my lodgings, I tell you. I asked the landlady to spare me a cup of tea, but she wouldn't. I owed her four weeks' rent, you see.

" You can't go outside and buy anything very substantial with tuppence. I didn't know what to get with it. I went up into my bedroom to think the matter out.

" It was a little bedroom, very high up in the rickety old house. The window looked out on to roofs and chimneys. Queer and black they seemed, those chimneys, like a lot o' scraggy arms crooked up. And the roofs were all broken and irregular. . . . I had a fancy I might just as well chuck myself down. . . .

" I may as well tell you I intended to get something to eat somehow. You can't keep on going without your meals and expect to feel the same man. I had had some rough times for a week or two. . . . Have you ever stood at a street corner, watching people go by you, and wondered when they last had a meal, and wondered why, if they'd had one, they didn't look happier? I've spent hours in looking at men working—all sorts and conditions of men at all sorts and conditions of jobs—and I've said to myself: '*Oh, my God, if only I'd got something to do!* . . . .' It's getting pretty bad when you feel like that . . . . You get in such a rage at being helpless that sometimes you're afraid for your senses.

" I stood looking out of that window that night, thinking all sorts of mad things. . . .

" I went downstairs again after a bit. My landlady, as it happened, had gone out. Her husband was in the kitchen, sitting up close to the fire, smoking a pipe and reading a paper. He was a weak old fool, frightened to death of his wife. I sat down and began to talk to him.

" There was a half a loaf of bread and a bit of butter on the table—remaining from their tea. I didn't care to look at it. I could have told him what was the matter with me, and he would have let me tuck into it—or I might have helped myself if I'd liked to have turned nasty. But there's a certain stubborn pride comes over you when you've actually got your back against the wall. You won't own up you're 'beat'; you'd rather use cunning instead.

" I began, quite unpremeditated, to tell him a lot of lies.

" There wasn't any sense in it. He couldn't lend me anything—she never allowed him a penny. But all the while at the back of my head there was a sensation of something going to happen.

* * * * * * *

" And I didn't know what I was up to, till I'd stuffed him with all manner of fairy tales. I told him what a fine job I'd picked up: two-pound-ten a week, and older men than I working under me. And it was to be three pound at Christmas, and four pound before I'd done. And the biggest lie of all was the promise that I'd live with 'em always.

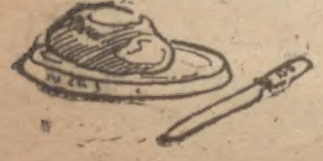
" And then it came suddenly to me what it was I intended to do. . . .

" I asked him if he wasn't going to drink to me, to celebrate my good luck? And he said he'd got no money, with his bleary old eyes brightening at the thought of a glass of beer. Then I gave him my precious tuppence. 'Go and get one by yourself,' I said; 'I don't feel like coming out just now,' And he went like a shot.

" Then I didn't waste time, I tell you! I knew there'd be some sort of food in the pantry, and I helped myself—I didn't use discrimination either. I stuffed my pockets, I stuffed my mouth. I was like a wild beast for a minute or two. . . .

" Then I went up to my room and finished what I'd stolen.

" They never found out."



WHEN A HORSE FALLS.

There are few men—even outside the ranks of sportsmen proper—who can refrain from offering their assistance when a horse falls in the road. The usual answer from the driver to their eager query as to whether they can be of any help is, " Yes; sit on his head." But not everybody knows how to do it. In most cases, their extreme solicitude to save the prostrate animal as much pain as possible leads them to inflict more of it on him than is really necessary.

When you have to sit on his head, do so whole-heartedly—just as you would instal yourself in a cosy armchair. Not to put the matter too bluntly, the portion of your anatomy thus imposed upon him is soft, and will not hurt him; but if, as a great many men will do, you rest a knee on his head, you may hurt him more than a little.

What is more, the latter expedient obviously does not keep him nearly as quiet as does the former.

A GOOD TIP ABOUT DIGGINGS.

There is an almost infallible sign by which a man hunting for diggings is able to tell whether he is likely to be comfortable or not in any house he may enter.

Most people look round new rooms with more or less observant eyes, and try to read the character of the landlord or landlady with such powers of intuition as they may possess; but there is another way, and a much more accurate and reliable way, in which the character of a house where young men are " taken in and done for " may be read.

The average man is a grateful soul to those who have ministered to his creature comforts, but he is seldom able to make any solid return for kindness from landladies.

It is, therefore, a very prevalent custom among his kind to give his landlady a portrait of himself, in a pretty frame and with a few words of gratitude beneath. These words run more or less on the following lines: " To Mrs. —— in memory of her great kindness and her comfortable diggings."

If, therefore, you see the hall wall hung with photographs with such inscriptions as these, you may conclude that the house is a good one and worth living in.

LISTENING TO HEARSAY EVIDENCE.

There are times when a man feels that the only thing to do, the only thing that will give him any satisfaction, is to go round and see Brown, or Jones, or Robinson, and " have it out with him."

B., or J., or R., as the case may be has, perhaps, been saying silly things, and some of these things have been repeated by some other ass, to the subject of them.

Now, there is nothing more dangerous than for a man to pick a quarrel because he has heard that another man has slandered him. When the quarrel is over, and damages have been paid, or police court summonses dismissed, and the antagonists have time for a quiet chat, it will generally be found that the supposed slanderer said something totally different from what he was reported to have said.

A man who is a man will not let his statements be known through the mouth of a tattling third party. Similarly, the other fellow will go straight to the first and say, " Is this true? Did you say it? "

And there is an old and admirable way of settling such disputes if the matter is worth fighting about.

CATCH POSTCARDS.—We still have a supply of our famous postcards. which constitute the best and most amusing practical joke of recent years. Drop one on a busy pavement and wait for the fun. A supply will be sent to you entirely free of charge on receipt of a large stamped envelope. Address your application to " Nice Place," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strane, London.

ARMY PAY CORPS.

The Army Pay Corps offers a pretty good career to the youth of clerical abilities and tendencies.

Soldiers are not enlisted direct for the A.P.C., but must first join a combatant branch of the Service, serve at least six months therein, be of good character, and be able to read, write, and figure reasonably well before being eligible for transfer to the A.P.C.

If transferred as a private, the pay is 1s. 8d. a day, rising to the 6s. 6d. a day of a first-class staff-sergeant-major, A.P.C., who is a warrant officer, in addition, of course, to free rations, uniform, and lodging.

But it is an indoor life, and the A.P.C. man is a non-combatant. Still, he is better off than many a civilian clerk.

GYMNASTS AND THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

There is likely to be trouble over the conditions governing the gymnastic competitions at the Olympic Games. Under the rules paid teachers are to be allowed to compete.

This certainly seems very unfair, for there can scarcely be sporting equality, in the sense of both having a fair chance, between the man who devotes his whole time to gymnastics and the amateur who practises them merely as a hobby or sport.

What a blessing it would be if this great international athletic gathering could be made the occasion for argument on a world-wide definintion of an amateur, for, of course, half the disputes in the sporting world at large are due to the many conflicting definitions of an amateur.

THE ARMS IN A WALKING RACE.

The correct use of the arms is of incalculable service in increasing a man's speed in a walking race.

The man who holds his arms rigidly to his sides will hardly ever win a race against another who walks in good style. The latter consists very importantly in a free and graceful swing from the hips of a straight leg; and this cannot be obtained properly unless the arms swing in unison. Thus, when you are taking an easy stride with the right leg, your right arm, bent at the elbow, and with the fist clenched, should swing freely forward in time, and the same applies to the action of your left leg.

Try this next time you are taking a country walk, and you will find it add anything from twenty-five to fifty per cent. on to your speed.

"DETENTION" v. IMPRISONMENT.

Time was when Mr. Tommy Atkins went to cells or a military prison for comparatively venial offences, but now imprisonment is reserved for grave crimes, detention in a detention barrack or room taking its place for offences not of a serious nature.

This is a move in the right direction, for in the old days many a potentially good soldier was turned into a hopeless "wrong 'un" by being branded by the stigma of prison.

Further, in the old days a soldier awaiting trial by court-martial was confined in a cell and treated as a convict, and not as the innocent man he might be. To-day the prisoner under remand goes into a branch detention barrack or barrack detention room, and receives the rations and messing of a free man.

This is all as it should be.

MINIATURE TARGETS.

The following formulæ for miniature targets may be found useful to anyone fitting up an improvised miniature range in his house or garden.

Assuming the range to be 25 yards, what size miniature target will represent a full-sized target at 200 yards on a full range? The target should be $\frac{25}{200}$, i.e., $\frac{1}{8}$th full size, which, as the big target is 4ft. square, means a miniature target 6in. square.

In regard to figures, a man 6ft. high at 500 yards range will be represented for miniature purposes by a model 3¾in. high.

A miniature moving target representing a man marching should be made to move at the rate of five yards a minute.

A mounted man, 8ft. high, at 200 yards range, comes down to 1ft. high in the miniature gallery, while if galloping he moves in miniature at the rate of, roughly, one yard a second.

FAKED REFERENCES.

A MODERN BRANCH OF ORGANISED FRAUD.

It is a common idea that if a man has been dismissed without a reference by his employer for any serious misdemeanour he will have extreme difficulty in obtaining a similar appointment elsewhere. It is the purpose of this article, however, to show how erroneous such an idea is, and also to warn employers to make the very closest inquiries into the references of an applicant before entrusting him with an important appointment.

Whereas an honest man who has been dismissed from an office for some such reason as losing his temper for a second and telling a superior the truth about himself may wander from agency to agency for months and years, on the other hand a thief who has been discharged by a master who was too tender-hearted to prosecute will readily obtain another job. This is because he knows all about "faked" references, and does not scruple to use them.

A REGULAR BUSINESS.

"Faked" or "kif" reference-mongering is no more nor less than an organised industry in different parts of London, and especially in the West-End. In that neighbourhood there are scores of men to be found—well-dressed, and obviously gentlemen by the accident of birth—who live on nothing else but their "commissions" on faked references. They are faked-reference-agents, and they conduct their business in just the same way as any more reputably dealing agent conducts his.

In nine cases out of ten they are retired Army officers—genuine men who can be found in the Army List as such, but who have lost all idea of living straight—and in every case they enjoy some imposing title or other. If they did not, their references would be valueless. A clerk, say, who has recently been dismissed for systematically purloining the firm's stamps comes to one of these men and asks for a reference. He gets it, but only when he has signed an agreement to pay the other anything from ten to twenty-five per cent. of his first three months' salary. The reference reads something like this:

TYPE OF TESTIMONIAL.

"I have pleasure in certifying that Mr. —— was in my service for five years in the capacity of confidential clerk, and gave me every satisfaction as regards ability, honesty, and in all other respects. He is only leaving me, to my regret, because I am winding up my business. Yours faithfully, J. —— (Capt., retired)."

Almost always, for the purpose of letters such as these, the reference agent has a little office, poked away somewhere in a block of chambers, and on the door he paints some high-sounding name.

An even worse phase of this faked reference industry is that in the case of very undesirable persons who want to be supplied with characters the "agent" will often try to shelve the danger on the shoulders of some unsuspecting youngster. Say, for instance, that he is an unscrupulous retired Army officer. He goes along to one or two clubs, until he finds some innocent young subaltern or other of his acquaintance.

PLAUSIBLE.

"It's a most deserving case," he explains. "The chap's as honest as the day. *I* can vouch for that. He wants a job as valet. Just as a favour to *me*, my dear fellow, would you just scratch a line saying he served you satisfactorily as your man? I'd do it myself," he adds, "only," with a short laugh, "everybody knows I never could afford a valet."

So, very often, the youngster obliges the older man in this way, and, when some theft or other is committed by the valet in question, the blame in a measure falls on his innocent shoulders.

Not long ago a man was dismissed from a theatre at which he was a dresser for attempting to steal an actor's jewelled studs, etc. Nothing daunted, he "kiffed his references," and got a good job as valet to a famous millionaire. Only recently he was imprisoned for stealing the latter's valuables. But it will not be long, when he is released, before "faked" references get another place for him. It seems, however, far from right that honest men should be out of work when scoundrels such as he can readily gain employment.

A. F. C.

TALES OF THE "BELSIZE."

ABOUT THE WORLD'S PREMIER AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

Just as the National Sporting Club—or as the boxing scribe loves to abbreviate the title, the N.S.C.—stands for all that is best and cleanest in professional pugilistic contests, so in the same way, if you want to see the fine flower of the amateur boxing world, you should obtain admission to the Belsize Boxing Club on one of its big nights.

You will see boxing there of such a supremely high standard that you will have difficulty in believing that you are not witnessing some big professional championship. There are, indeed, a great many members of the Belsize who could put up a splendid fight with the best men at their weight in the actual professional ranks, and could put paid to the account of a great many "pros" outside the first-class.

For instance, where are you to find a better amateur heavy-weight than Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas—"Alphabet Douglas," as most of his friends are wont to call him? It is doubtful whether the amateur boxing world at the present moment has any heavy-weight whose form can approach Douglas's. As most of our readers are aware, he is the captain of the Essex County Cricket Club.

"FANCY MEETING YOU!"

The Belsize headquarters are at the Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood, and one day after a training bout there Mr. Douglas took a walk, as he often will, towards Hampstead. Now, it so happened that at a certain famous hostelry at the latter place a very illustrious Transatlantic heavy-weight professional, whose name must be omitted, was doing what he called his "training stunts" for a forthcoming big fight in London.

Well, to cut a long story short, the landlord of the inn, who knew the amateur very well, took him to the Yankee and suggested that he should have a little spar with Douglas (whose name he purposely omitted to mention).

The other, with an almost contemptuous smile, consented, but his face wore a widely different expression when he suddenly had his head pushed back with as quick a cross-counter as any professional ever gave him.

"Say, cully," he asked, "how much 'ud yew take to come an' help me train?"

And he was sadly disappointed when the identity of the cross-counter merchant was pointed out to him amid much laughter.

A GOOD NEW RULE.

The Belsize has a very important word to say in the legislation of amateur boxing, for a great many of the officials of the Amateur Boxing Association are connected with the big club at St. John's Wood.

One of the most interesting and useful rules was passed by that body at a meeting not many weeks ago, when it was decided that a man was supposed to be down and must not consequently be struck so long as any part of his body besides his feet was touching the ground. One of the most instrumental workers towards this excellent little legal point was Mr. B. Jno. Angle, one of the best-known amateur boxers in the United Kingdom, and a prolific writer on his favourite sport.

Mr. Angle is rather past active participation in it now; but that he is still a factor to be reckoned with is proved by an incident which was told to the writer by a one-time professional boxer, who is now not above pocket-picking and similar methods of earning a dishonest living.

"OH, WHAT A SURPRISE!"

This individual was prowling about a not too well-lighted part of the St. John's Wood Road when he saw an elderly, white-moustached gentleman who "looked like some old colonel-bloke" coming along. There was nobody in sight, so the lurker made a grab at the "colonel's" watch and chain. He didn't get that, but he got a hiding that he won't forget. Then he suddenly realised that it was Mr. Angle, who, in a truly sporting spirit, refrained from having him taken up, as he had had enough punishment as it was.

Bombardier Wells and Fred Storbeck have both appeared in exhibition bouts at the Belsize, and that quite recently, when Wells met Mr. Bruce Logan, a well-known amateur, and Storbeck had them on with a hefty member of the City Police.

C. Groom.

FORGETTING ONESELF.

A PRACTICE THAT KEEPS THE JOY OF LIFE FROM FADING.

There are more ways than one of "forgetting oneself." As a rule the phrase is used of those who forget only one aspect of themselves, and who in consequence forget what is due to others in the way of respect and consideration.

But there is another and a very different way of forgetting oneself.

It is a process in which extraordinarily few men indulge, though they are not always to blame. The chief obstacle to "forgetting oneself" in this second and pleasanter manner arises from the hardening and stereotyping processes of habit and convention.

If you, reader, or anyone else should sit down and consider for a moment the ordinary processes of your daily life, you will quickly come to the conclusion that throughout your waking hours there is scarcely a moment in which you are not acutely conscious of your own personality.

"OBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS."

This is largely the result of living in crowded cities and being constantly in the eyes of innumerable fellow-creatures. That you and they are for the most part entirely unknown to one another matters nothing; the effect is the same.

As soon as you leave your door in the morning you step into the light of publicity, and you begin at once to mind your P's and Q's so that the rest of the world shall have no cause to regard you with curiosity or ridicule or even with ordinary interest.

In the train it is the same. Watch any man enter train, or 'bus, or even tramcar, and you will see a man who finds it impossible to forget himself and who is acutely self-conscious.

Even as he enters he contrives to catch the eyes of some of the occupants. He sits down uncomfortably, and quite openly contrives to appear unconcerned about the people among whom he has been thus fortuitously thrown. He and they does not know them, nor do they know him. are not in the least interested in each other.

NOT MADE TO BE LOOKED AT.

Nevertheless he remembers himself, and does what he thinks is the right thing. And when he is settled in his seat the next thing he is absolutely sure to do is to look round on all the faces to try and comfort himself with the assurance that they are not staring at him.

He cannot forget himself. If he could he would not care a jot who were in the car or whether they looked at him or not.

All through the day's work he will never forget himself. He will be addressed by name too often for that. And at last he will reach home again and will subside into a chair, thankful at last to be out of that awful publicity in which he dare not lift a finger in a way that might make anybody stare.

He has not been off his guard for eight or nine or ten hours! No wonder that his nerves are somewhat jumpy!

Some men are afflicted to a greater degree than others with this intense self-consciousness. Early environment has much to do with it. Men who were the children of people in prominent positions are the greatest victims.

GREAT MEN IN SMALL PLACES.

I know a man who was brought up in a quiet country vicarage. Now, such a place is the centre of village life, and, in a way, all eyes are constantly turned to it, though there be but a hundred and ten pairs of them.

This man declares that after living in a vicarage as a youngster he has the feeling, wherever he may be, that all eyes are on him. He is badly handicapped.

His only freedom from himself is when he is alone in the country, on the hills, or fishing, when not another soul is in sight. Then, when it might be supposed that he was most conscious of himself, he is in reality the least so.

The best way out of this limelight is to break from the accustomed round as often as possible. Give the business set, the set at the club, and other sets with whom you are in constant daily touch a wide berth.

Go off "on your own," take, if you will, your usual pleasures, but take them in new surroundings and amid new scenes. Knock against new personalities.

Only in this way can you prevent general staleness, which steals over a man in his social and business life just as surely as it does in his sport.

M. Bruce.

LOCAL TALENT.

A BOXING STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

"So the manager steps to the front and he holds up his hand to stop the row and says, 'Mr. Ref.,' says he, 'what is your decision in this fight?'

"Mr. Ref. said something to him, and then the manager called out, 'Gentlemen, the fight is awarded to Sergeant Batterby, of the Lancers. The next competition is again soldier versus civilian. Young Billobendy Brissen will fight Private McCloskin. Take your seats, please, and keep order.'

"But they howled like so many wolves."

The speaker, a hefty commercial traveller of sporting instincts, favoured the company with an expansive smile.

"And there was me," he said, "with young Billobendy in the dressin'-room, and he had stage fright as bad as ever I saw a man.

"You take it from me that it's the last time you catch me exploitin' local talent. It wears you.

"It was outside this very house here, you know, gentlemen, that I saw young Billobendy fight first of all. Lumpin' great navvy was his opponent, but Billo planted them in such a scientific manner that he outed his man easier than winking. Put him properly to sleep. I'll admit the brick wall helped him, but the placin' of the blow was what was pretty. Must have been giving away stones, too!

"So he was frightened when he saw him lyin' there, and he says, says he, 'For heaven's sake get us a drop o' brandy, guv'nor, for this man.'

"And I said to him, 'You kid yourself,' I said, 'if you think you've done any more than knocked the booze into his napper. It's excess of displaced beer he's sufferin' from. You run,' says I. 'If you give him brandy, that will be the same as askin' him to come up and kill you.'

"And he ran. Well, I looked at my merchant there, and it was pretty plain to me that he possessed a punch like a shire horse kickin'. And I didn't want him to mistake me for Billobendy. So I did a strategic retreat in the same direction as the promisin' novice, finally catchin' him up.

"And then I told him he was about the luckiest but worst scrapper I'd ever seen. It's no use praisin' these novices up. They want to take their trainers on, bein' too prone to getting a swelled head.

"'But I might be able to improve you a bit,' I said. 'At least, so as you wouldn't get too much of a dustin' from any butcher's lad you happened to pick a quarrel with.'

"I was allowed two days for doin' this town, and every spare minute I had I put in with that Billo, watchin' how he shaped and everything. He had no chance with me if it had come to fightin', but he was slippy and could have towsed me on points at any time.

"'You'll do,' I says to him. 'I know where I'll bring you out nice and gentle first of all, and that's in a certain military town not far from here, where they put up some good 'uns among the soldiers, and the feelin' between them and the civilians runs high enough to ensure keenness.'

"So I put in those days with him and put on another chap I know down here to look after him.

"I came back in a month, found him fit as a flea, and said, 'All right, I shall enter you at the next assault-at-arms and Army boxing night at Kenchester.'

"So that was all right. Last night was the night, and last night I came down and took him along with me to the show. I'd got him matched against a Private McCloskin. I paid his fare from here, drove him from the station in a taxi—a shillin' a mile they charge you, too, in these 'ere provincial places—and I kidded him up the whole time. I told him how good he really was, and got him lookin' forward to the day when he'd hear Jack Johnson counted out to one of his blows.

"And I said to him, 'Don't you be afraid of any of the old hands in the dressin'-room. Never mind about their weight. If they interfere with your clothes, you offer to biff 'em one.'

"As luck would have it, he selected McCloskin's peg to hang up his clothes on.

"Now that, from my point o' view, was a good thing. It would display his form, as far as his man was concerned, by puttin' him right at it forthwith immediate.

"And the joke of it was he didn't know it was his man, but McCloskin's trainer apprised me of the fact in the friendly manner that patrons exchange confidences in the dressin'-room.

"Who's peg are you annexin', young feller?" says McCloskin, comin' forward very big.

"'Who's peg are you annexin', young feller?' says McCloskin, comin' forward very big.

"He was older than Billo and more wiry, but I doubted if he had the loose, free way of hittin'. Judgin' from his make, it seemed to me it was a case of be careful not to get *one* from him and you're all right. You merely wanted to dodge his leaders, I judged, and you were on a cushion fight. Didn't look a follerin'-up sort of man, if you understand what I mean. Practice makes you read a man's muscles like a phrenologist tells bumps.

"Billo replies to McCloskin's question in the way I liked to hear—quiet, gentlemanly, but effective.

"'The others,' he said, 'are bunged up—which is the condition your eye'll be in, whoever you are, if you come makin' yourself unsociable in this 'ere dressin'-room.'

"'I've killed a man for less,' says McCloskin.

"'Well, you can try killin' me for more here and now. Guv'nor,' he says to me, 'I can find a nice place for *your* hat and coat here.'

"And then he turns his full face, glarin', to McCloskin, and McCloskin does a far sharper turn, and a bit of a start, and retires to his corner. That was great, gentlemen, absolutely great!

"You see, the great thing with a novice is to get him to think he's Jeffries, or his little brother Alf.

"I arranged all that. I may say I ain't unknown in the boxin' world. I got several old hands to sort o' look frightened when he peeled, an' dance round him and come and whisper to me and ask me where I picked him up.

"Private McCloskin's patron wasn't holdin' a candle to me in the swankery department, and it didn't seem he was givin' his man a lot of heart. McCloskin had fought before, I understood, at Capetown and up country. But for all that he didn't look too happy there in the dressin'-room, after his encounter with the man who, I was careful to tell him, was his opponent.

"'Look at the miserable worm you've got to fight,' I says to Billo, soft and quiet. 'What a dance for you, and also a bit o' money to jingle while you *are* dancin',' says I.

"You see, I'd got one or two good bets about 'im, 'im bein' a novice; and they always field against novices.

"'Why,' says I, 'he's positively slinkin' away from you already.'

"And so he was—cringin' like anything, this Private McCloskin was, and wouldn't take as much as a 'alf glance at Billobendy.

"And it was then that the star fight finished and the people began howlin' about the decision like they always do.

"I told you when the manager shouted out the result and said the next competition was soldier and civilian again. Then the crowd began once more.

"That howl of the crowd is what should make the young blood to race, and the temples to throb, and the nostrils to distend—that's how you tell your man when it comes to takin' all in all.

"I looked at mine. By gosh, what a common mere windmiller he was! He was ashen. He was ikey-mush. He was tiddley-hoo, slukey, like a collapsible jamboree!

"I had a squint at his opponent, too, and hang me if he wasn't lookin' in as blue a funk as Billobendy himself.

"They looked at each other, and the sight of either ought to have made the other buck up and tell himself he had only a walk-over to face; but they only seemed to get the more funky.

"And then that McCloskin made as though to slink out of the door.

"How happy I'd ha' been to let him go! But Billobendy turned his eyes on him 'arf frightened, and McCloskin all of a sudden fell on his knees and grasped Billo by the calf.

"'Don't, sir. For heaven's sake don't, sir,' he said 'I know very well you are "Tick" Vibart, the clever young Jo'burg detective,' he says, 'oo's come to arrest me for the murder of Digger Smith at that fight on Diamond Hill. I can't help it—think of it from a boxer's point of view, sir. If you had a blow that could kill a man, would you, in the heat of the moment, only be artistic enough to merely stun him?' he says. 'I was only very new at the game. But, alas! though I swore I would never fight again,' he says, 'here I am, at it once more.'

"McCloskin's face was drawn and his teeth were chattering, but I put it down to stage-fright, same as my man had, and let him run on to see whether Billo had more sense.

"But Billo stood there gettin' shades whiter than an overboiled nightshirt. And then McCloskin topped up his realistic performance by half weepin' and sayin', 'I never ought to ha' fought again. I ought to ha' known that it was sure to bring me into the limelight, which,' he says, 'is no place for a man who has killed another in fightin', and then run away to England.'

"It was an anxious moment for me. More jealous than a mother of her son is a man that does the Corinthian with a new hand, and some degrees more nervous about him and what he's going to do.

"But Billo wasn't even half a hero.

"In a streak, and nothin' but his overcoat and his boxin' rig, Billo shunted, his clothes on his arm!

"When, in the absence of Billobendy, the quivering McCloskin had been awarded a walk-over, I made one remark to McCloskin's patron.

"'It strikes me,' said I, 'that young Billo would ha' been a sight more good in a sprint handicap than a boxin' competition.'

"'Yes,' says he, 'but I think my man is a better actor than he was either,' he says.

"I looked round for Private McCloskin to congratulate him on his walk-over and the superlative quality of his actin'.

"But he was nowhere to be seen.

"Just then the manager comes back again with a captain in his regimentals.

"'Where's McCloskin?' says the manager.

"'He turns out,' the captain said, 'to be a Trooper Bremmer, re-enlisted, and there's a Mr. Vibart here from Johannesburg, with an extradition warrant for his arrest for killing Digger Smith in a fight on Diamond Hill.'

"And then he says, 'Come in, Mr. Vibart, but I don't see your man here.'

"Well, gentleman, s'welp me, first of all I shouted out, 'It's no walk-over. My man's come back!'

"Barrin' a touch of tan in the complexion, Vibart and Billobendy were as like as two peas."

LONDON CAMEOS.

XVII. THE FOOL AND THE FAVOURITE.

Outside a fashionable shop in Regent Street stands an open electric brougham.

The body of the car is empty. On the front seat sits a chauffeur, resplendent in biscuit-coloured uniform.

Occupying the smaller of the two projecting seats at the rear is a ridiculous miniature footman, upright as a poker, his arms folded high on his chest.

He looks straight ahead of him—a doll of emptied intelligence.

Standing on the footpath is another flunkey—a big one this time—staring straight ahead, too, also in a uniform of brown.

He has a full, pale, fleshy face, unemotional and sensual. A skin rug dangles motionless from his arm.

The shop door is pulled open by a bowing, obsequious salesman.

A fat lady sails out. "Lady" is the word she prefers to be called by.

She is somewhat puffy under her elaborate complexion of enamel and "natural bloom" and powder.

She is plenteously bejewelled. She is magnificently dressed. Her sable coat cost probably a thousand guineas, her pearl ear-rings no less. She radiates scent as she waddles.

She climbs into the brougham with a grunt.

One recognises her as a musical-comedy favourite of not many years ago.

Behind follows the Fool—a thin man, pallid, elegantly attired, bored. Her husband. . . . .

G. A.

PUTTING A FERRULE ON A STICK.

If the ferrule of your walking-stick works loose and drops off, do not fix it on again with a tack. By so doing you will probably crack the stick. It will be quite sufficient if you put the ferrule on and then knock a tintack gently against the side so as to press a small portion of the ferrule inwards. The mere indentation of the metal will keep the ferrule quite as firm as if it had been tacked.

If, however, you lose a ferrule, you need not fix another yourself. Any stick-seller will supply you with one for a penny or twopence, and will fix it without extra charge.

HACKS.

YOU CAN SOMETIMES GET A GOOD ONE QUITE CHEAP.

Only a few years ago a well-known sportsman, on his way to a provincial steeplechase meeting, had a motor breakdown, and had to hire a cab to take him to the course. He observed that the chestnut in the shafts was singularly handsome and moved splendidly, and he asked the driver where he got him. The driver gave the astonishing information that he had got him at Tatt's two years before for £18. The racing man promptly offered the man double that sum for the horse, and now the animal is in his stable, makes a topping hack, and is even sometimes hunted quite satisfactorily.

A hack, so an authority told the writer, is a surprise packet. You might get a good one for a tenner and you might give £200 for a mount that had all sorts of vices.

One wealthy man gave that sum for a horse that went splendidly when he tried him, but which used to injure himself every night by lashing out in his stall, and even though it was well padded, he had to be sold at last for only £20.

The points of a good hack are these: good shoulders, legs and feet, and "manners," which should be studied during one or two trial rides. These should be undertaken by at least three men. The reason is that a horse may be as gentle as a lamb with one and as vicious as a wild cat with another. So good judges always advocate a trial by three good riders.

Lastly, here is a tip in buying. If you want a horse only for a hack, don't jib at a little "noise." You might pick up quite cheaply a good hunter who has been discarded for this reason; and so long as the noise is not too pronounced, it will not prevent the animal from good and lengthy service as a hack.

SWINDLES

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS. By WORMWOOD PORTLAND

13.—DEFRAUDING THE DEAD.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men and women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

A good many insurance swindles are on record. In some cases insurance companies have been swindled, and in others they have swindled. On the whole, they have probably sinned more than they have been sinned against, and in a number of respects I admire their methods very much—I am speaking, of course, of what ordinary people would call the "less reputable" companies.

At one time I had a great idea of running a genuinely bogus and entirely fraudulent insurance company of my own, in the working of which old dodges for the deception of premium-payers would to a large extent have been superseded by methods of my personal origination.

A SWINDLE ABANDONED.

Although I never really started the wholesale swindle I had in mind, I started to start it, going as far as to make a little collection of proposal and policy forms, and other papers, from which I posted myself up in the jargon of the trade. As a matter of fact, I went a little further, having various documents printed purporting to refer to the business of the Urban and Rural Profit-Distributing Life, Fire, Accident, and Burglary Insurance Trust, and some of these came in useful a considerable time after I had abandoned the scheme of appealing to the public to trust the Trust, and to "signify the same in the usual manner."

I still believed in the idea—and do to this day—but decided that carrying it out in anything like its first form would have involved a lot of long-continued routine work that wasn't in my line.

IN A HOLE.

What reminded me of it was a colliery disaster in the Midlands, at a mine a few miles from Nuneaton. I happened to be in Nuneaton at the time. I'd been there for more than a fortnight, in connection with an attempted Turf swindle that hadn't come off. The failure had put me in a hole. I didn't know how to get out of the town—to say nothing of the stiffish bill I had run up at the Newdigate Arms. For once I couldn't settle up by simply going and leaving my luggage behind me, for this time it wasn't spoof, but the "real thing," and worth much more than I was willing to sacrifice.

I felt sure that I couldn't impose on Host Rose with a stumer, because a plausible scoundrel who had been staying in the town longer than myself had just done another landlord down with one for a considerable sum. Rose had told me of the incident, which was much talked about, and was naturally and quite evidently in no mood to risk accepting another cheque from another stranger himself, in similar circumstances.

SEIZING AN OPPORTUNITY.

The accident I have just referred to in the coal mine happened in the nick of time. I saw my way to get something out of it. The list of killed and injured was a long one. Out of which would it be easier for me to make a bit—the former or the latter? I decided on the former. Of course, the dead men couldn't actually fork out themselves, but as the money their widows handed over had come out of the trousers of their dear (and sudden) departeds, I claim that to all intents and purposes I did succeed in "defrauding the dead."

I wasn't sure whether I'd destroyed my Urban and Rural papers. If not, I knew they would be among the numerous mixed papers in my portmanteau, for I was in the habit of carrying such documents about with me, partly on the chance of their serving some unexpected occasion, and partly because I made it a practice to leave behind me as few traces as possible in moving from place to place.

I found sufficient "credentials" and blank forms for my immediate purpose, and started out in good spirits to make a sort of house-to-house visitation of the bereaved homes of the miners who had struck work at last for good—for *my* good, I was glad to think.

These bereaved homes were clustered together in a colony of hundreds of them, all within a short distance of the mine in which the calamity had occurred.

A weeping woman opened the first door at which I knocked. She looked mystified when I explained that I had come down from London as the representative of "the insurance company," but after a few words invited me in, leading the way to her back room. Her husband was lying in the front one—in bits, I believe, for the explosion hadn't left many whole.

BOGUS INSURANCE.

"It's a mistake, I'm thinking—my man wasn't assured," she told me.

"There's no mistake, my poor woman," I said softly. "Unfortunately for us, we received a proposal form from him, all properly filled in, and duly witnessed, the very day before this terrible accident. It was Form C—like this one"—and I made a show with a blue paper at which she didn't try to look—"under our new Widows' Immediate Benefit scheme, of which Parliament has just approved. Of course, there are companies, my dear Mrs. Slagden—I am grieved to have to say it, but there are—there are some companies which would take advantage of the fact that the first monthly premium of three shillings, payable in advance, had not actually been paid, and which would, therefore, try to wriggle out of their liability to hand you ten pounds. But my directors are men of a very different sort. The Urban and Rural Life Insurance Trust * * *"

TEN POUNDS FOR THREE SHILLINGS.

"Ten pounds?" she was repeating. "Ten pounds!"

I saw that I could cut it short. She didn't want to understand—she only wanted the ten pounds. What a funeral she could put up on that amount of ready money!

"Ten pounds. From the business point of view, as I cannot help again reminding you, it is hard on us," I said resignedly, "but the policy had been stamped and sealed before the death of the assured William James Slagden occurred—though only a day before—and therefore holds good. You have pen and ink, Mrs. Slagden? Thank you. 'Particulars of Claim,'" I read, in a more official voice, from a long, ruled paper so headed. "I am distressed to worry you about details, my dear madam, but it is necessary to fill in these spaces, to check the particulars with those of the policy, which of course we now retain. Merely a matter of form. I will fill them in for you, if you like."

I asked a few questions—feeling I must do something for my money—and wrote as she answered them. She signed her name at the foot of the page, and I fished out a receipt form.

"What else have I got to do, sir," she asked, "to get the money?"

PER REGISTERED POST.

"The money will reach you direct from London the day after to-morrow," I replied. "All that I have to do now is to post this form to the office, and hand you my signed receipt for the only premium that will now ever become due. Strictly speaking, it should have accompanied the proposal we accepted. Three shillings, please—and sixpence for the stamping of the policy at Somerset House," I added by an afterthought, as I saw her slip her hand into her pocket, from which to mine a rapid transfer was effected of a two-shilling piece, a shilling, and sixpennyworth of coppers.

"Heaven bless and comfort you, my poor woman," I said soothingly, "in this dark hour of trial and affliction. I am very grateful to be the humble agent in letting in on you, so to speak, a little ray of sunshine."

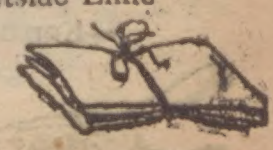
"Yes, sir. Ten pounds."

"Per registered post."

All the rest of that day, and all the next day, I played the same game, with such variations as seemed to be safe or advisable. I told substantially the same yarn at every house I called at, but in details I allowed myself considerable discretion and a flexible latitude. As regards amounts, I touched as low down as a bob and as high up as a dollar.

Strange that the dodge succeeded so well? Not at all. Put yourself in the place of the uneducated, grief-stricken, often distracted women to whom I offered money in their time of need, and you will cease to be incredulous.

A few weeks afterwards I tried on a similar thing, in a single case, on a bigger scale—in Liverpool. Outside Lime



Street Station one morning I saw a man knocked down by a brewer's dray, run over, and killed on the spot. As his body was being borne through the crowd, his son came on the scene.

I made some inquiries. The dead man was a Mr. Mathias Yessendahl, a tradesman carrying on a large but speculative business in Lord Street. He was a widower—his only son was his only heir. It was unfortunate that therefore there was not a woman to deal with but a man; however, I had seen the man, and he had somehow given me the impression that he could be manipulated by an appeal to his cupidity. I was further influenced by learning that the business to which he had now succeeded was reported to be short of capital.

LIMING THE TWIG.

On the evening of the fatality to his father I interviewed him, in one of the living rooms over the shop. I was only shown up to him after some demur and the exchange of several messages. I had asked to see "Mr. Yessendahl," and in the interval of waiting nothing was said to me about what had happened to the senior of that name. But the moment I confronted his son that son demanded to know why I had been so insistent on seeing him, in the circumstances (with emphasis).

"What special circumstances do you refer to, sir?"

"You have not heard—or seen this evening's papers?"

"Heard what?" I asked bluntly.

"Read that"—and he put in my hands a late edition of the "Express," giving an account of the fatal accident I had myself witnessed.

I affected to be, for a stranger, unreasonably and disproportionately upset.

"You will never be able to forgive me, sir," I exclaimed; "and certainly I shall never forgive myself."

"What do you mean?"

A POST-MORTEM POLICY.

I soon told him, but first—of course, he knew that his father was insured with the Urban and Rural, London? No, he said, he'd never known it, and the name of the company, he added, was unfamiliar to him. But I noted that he showed no particular surprise on being told of the existence of a policy of which he had never heard before, and I judged that Yessendahl, senior, hadn't made much of a confidant of Yessendahl, junior. So much the better.

As I out with my confession, I perceived that every statement was swallowed. As for sequence, the statements came first and the confession last.

Mathias Yessendahl had been negotiating with the Urban and Rural for a loan on the surrender value of his policy. I had been sent down from the Head Office about the matter, which the manager was prepared to bring before the directors at the next board meeting, provided that the policy was kept in force by the immediate payment of £30, due by way of a premium that very day—the day of the assured's death, a Wednesday.

I had reached Liverpool on Monday evening, I said and ought to have attended to the business yesterday. But I had fallen into bad company the night of my arrival. Drink—and the other thing. I had been hopelessly helpless the whole of Tuesday, and almost all the present day, too. And now I was too late. In default of the payment of the £30 premium the policy had lapsed, and was worthless.

PAYING THE PREMIUM.

I was sorry to say that I knew the company too well not to be absolutely certain that they would have no consideration. In fact, any thought of consideration was out of the question. It wouldn't be business. If I had only collected the premium the day before, as I had been sent down to do, with other things, they would have had to pay to the estate of the assured the sum of £800! All lost—through my cursed folly. I wasn't right even yet—this as though suddenly recollecting myself—or I shouldn't be such a fool as to give myself away.

Yessendahl, junior (if he might be so called), grasped everything and acted promptly. He lost no time over a search for the policy or anything else. A receipt for £30 would put him into early possession of £800—provided that receipt was dated the day before—the first of the month instead of the second: and this all depended on another "provided." It all depended on whether £50 from the living would induce me to sign an ante-dated receipt for £30 as from the dead.

Of course it would—and it did.

[*Another of these revelations will appear next week.*—Editor.]

MY NOTEBOOK.

S.A. RED TAPE.

A Streatham reader has the following grievance against the Salvation Army.

"Recently," he says, "I was moving house, and I thought that instead of selling my lumber to the local rag-and-bone merchant I would give it to the Salvation Army, as I had heard that nothing was useless to them.

"I, therefore, wrote to the S.A., asking them to call for the things on a certain day, a Monday, in fact, and explaining that it would be useless for them to send any later as I wanted the stuff out of the house before the removers came in next morning.

"No answer was returned, and nobody came from the S.A. on the Monday, so in the evening I sold the stuff to Mr. Rags and Bones.

"On Tuesday, however, a S.A. man appeared, and was very disappointed to find nothing for him. Asked why he had not come the previous day, he explained that Tuesday was the collecting day for my district.

"I don't blame the S.A. for having a collecting system, but it strikes me as inelastic.

"If they really could not send on Monday they might have dropped me a postcard asking me to hold the goods till Tuesday, which I should have contrived to do.

"As it was, the rag-and-bone man, who, of course, gave me next to nothing, got some things I should have kept had I not intended them for charity."

Perhaps the S.A. will take note and favour us with their side of the case.

MEN'S CHARITIES.

I should not like it to be thought that I am in any way encouraging unkind criticism of the Salvation Army. I print this correspondent's letter merely as a suggestion to charitable organisations that it is necessary for them, in the sweet cause of charity, to be as scrupulously business-like and punctual as a keen man of commerce.

The Salvation Army, in my opinion, does excellent work, and it is one of those organisations which may be called men's charities. The Church Army is another, and the Ragged School Union is a third. It is very largely among men that the work of these organisations is done.

It is worth while in this connection to remember that old suits, boots, hats, and even underwear, which are no longer good enough for a business man to wear are more than welcome to the poor people who are helped by these organisations.

We are most of too busy to look out suitable subjects for such charity as we are able to give, but we are relieved of that task by the three institutions I have mentioned. When you give things to these particular charities you may rest assured that they eventually reach a thoroughly deserving case.

MORE WALDRON STORIES.

"Apropos your recent anecdote of the Rev. A. J. Waldron, here," writes a correspondent, "are two examples of his straight-hitting methods.

"Once in Hyde Park having to reply to an atheist of the baser sort, a blasphemous beast, he opened in this cheerful fashion:

"'Ladies and gentlemen, I feel I ought to apologise to my boots for allowing them to stand on the spot that has been polluted by so foul a ruffian.'

"This penetrated even the atheist's dirty hide, and he made a rush for the parson, only to get a punch in the eye that caused him to lose interest in the further proceedings.

"On another occasion, Mr. Waldron was in the East End addressing a bitterly hostile meeting of unbelievers. One man in the front row, a singularly ugly Polish Jew, made himself particularly obnoxious by constant interruption. At last Mr. Waldron could stand it no longer, and pointing an accusing finger at the offender he exclaimed:

"'You there, do you know what I'd do if I had a face like yours? (uproar).

"'I'd (when there was a lull) have it photographed and sell the prints for rat poison.'

"Mr. Waldron got safely away, but it was by the back entrance."

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

FIDDLESTICKS.

A TALE OF THE TURF.

By A. B. HORRIDGE.

Young John Salyer flung his telegram on to the billiard table and dug his teeth hard into his lower lip.

"Rotten!" he emitted in impotent rage. "Absolutely putrid!"

"Er—inelegant language, John—very!"

Salyer turned sharply round to the owner of the suave voice.

"Dad! I thought you'd left the house," he said, flushing.

"So I had, my son—so I had. But I don't like to be hard on you. Believe your father when he says that it hurt him more to refuse the request you made this morning than it does you to be denied. Believe him, my boy."

"Oh, I know I'm rather a rotter, dad," his son said contritely.

"Careless, my boy! You have no idea of the value of money. How you get rid of it I can't understand. You have two vices that I know of. Like it goes, Johnny—it goes."

"I know, dad. I'll have to pull up."

"Promise me that you'll that, John. Promise me you'll be more careful future, and I'll let you five pounds to tide you till your allowance is I can't give you the you ask, but you shall Now, will you

"Yes, dad, willingly."

The old gentleman gripped his hand warmly, then 'od five sovereigns on to ir table. As he did so caught the telegram had thrown down.

"You opened this, hammered. "You had no right!"

"I—it's not intended for you, dad?"

"Certainly. You — you in these things, sir?"

"N—no," John halted.

"It's Framper's mistake," the old gentleman, putting gram into his pocket. "He should send such to my office. Address simply to 'Salyer,' anyone was likely to open it."

"I'm very sorry," John apologised. "And grateful for dad."

"Tut—tut! Don't mention this telegram to your gambling.' It isn't that, of course. But—well, mother's an excellent woman, Johnny, though a little in her ideas. I must be off, my son."

"Well, I'm smothered!" guffawed Salyer, junior, as the front door bang behind his parent. "If this the limit! Why, I'd have betted anything that the had never glanced through the sporting columns of paper in all his days! Jimmy!—I'll have to keep open or I shall be knocking up against him at a one of these afternoons. Now, I wonder if to San lown Park to-day! Ah, well—I'll risk it! break my promise to Jimmy Framper."

Two hours later he met Jimmy at Waterloo.

"Got my wire all right, old man?" queried his friend.

"Thought you would like to have a flutter at S.P., you know."

"Ph—ew!" Salyer whistled. "The plot thickens!"

"I don't understand," said Jimmy.

"And I'm blessed if I do either!"

"I wired to you—'Fiddlesticks, good business.' Got the tip straight from Wollam, his trainer, last night. You got it?"

"I got it, Jimmy. But the dad came in and claimed it."

Framper was apologetic.

"My dear old chap, I wouldn't have sent it for the world if I had known your governor would be at home!"

"He started very late for the office this morning."

"Tell me there wasn't a bother, Jack," Jimmy pressed anxiously. "It was rotten careless of me to omit your Christian name, old man."

Salyer let out a puzzled laugh.

"The dad was more embarrassed than I, Jimmy. Said Framper—by which I suppose he meant your governor—ought to have sent such a message to his office. Crumbs!—it looks as if our respected parents were playing our own little game."

"Then," said Jimmy with relief, "they won't be able to make a noise when it is discovered that I sent you that wire. I did it because you said last night you couldn't come to Sandown unless the governor shelled out."

"Jimmy!—he's down!" Framper wailed.

"Good of you," said Salyer. "I couldn't have raked up more than a sovereign for a bet with a street bookie. But the governor brassed up a fiver at the finish."

"Bravo!" cried Framper. "And now for Sandown to see Fiddlesticks romp away with that selling steeplechase."

They played "solo" with some casual acquaintances on the journey down in the train, and arrived at Esher station considerably poorer than when they left Waterloo. This, together with a disastrous plunge on a rank outsider in the first event, decided them to eschew all the other races but Fiddlesticks', which was last on the card.

"I've only a bally quid left," mourned Salyer.

"I can rake up thirty bob," said Jimmy Framper.

"Fools!" spat his friend. "We ought to have reserved our funds for Fiddlesticks. But," he added dolefully, "perhaps the beggar won't win after all—come a cropper at the water jump, or something. Did you really get the tip from Wollam, Jimmy?"

"Not direct," the other admitted. "I know a man who knows Wollam's son. That's how I got it, but it's straight from the stable, old man."

"Jimmy!" said Salyer. "I'll never forgive you if this doesn't come off. My allowance is not due for three weeks, and I'll be penniless."

"Fiddlesticks will *roll* home," was Framper's optimistic assurance.

But when the "field" of five runners, with Wollam's representative favourite at "even money," started on their two-miles journey Fiddlesticks seemed to have made up his equine mind that the gallop was not to his liking. At all events, after going about twenty yards, he dug his toes into the turf and intimated his intention of letting the other four fight it out among them.

"The beast!" shot out dismayed Jimmy.

"What I expected," growled Salyer. "Jimmy, I tell you I'll never forgive you."

"He's going again," Framper shouted in glee. "My word! isn't his jockey giving him a walloping!"

"He's catching the others as if they were standing still," said his chum more cheerfully. "Hope the beggar won't pump himself out."

"Jimmy!—he's down!" Framper wailed, as Fiddlesticks, rushed by his over-anxious rider, took off too soon at a jump and crashed fairly into the middle of his fence.

"So are two others!" yelled Salyer—"Conroy and Pet of the Plains."

"Ours is up," breathed Jimmy. "Harttman is on his back again. Jupiter!—Sweet Smiles has refused at the water. With three out of it ours *must* stand a chance—eh, Jack?"

"Toby the Second is the length of a street in front," said excited Salyer. "Fiddlesticks will never catch him."

"Toby is only an old plodder with but one pace," Framper said. "He couldn't beat a drayhorse when it came to a finish."

"But he keeps on his legs," said Jack.

"So will ours now. See, he's warming to his work. Now!—over! Bravo! He jumped that fence beautifully."

"Hooray!" Salyer screamed. "Toby's down. Fiddlesticks walks in, if he can keep in front of Sweet Smiles."

But the animal which had refused at the water jump, though she had afterwards been got over, seemed in no mood for racing. Fiddlesticks, though galloping surlily and at a snail's pace, really did look like winning very easily. He jumped the last fence quite fifty yards in front of Sweet Smiles, the only other left in the race.

But those racegoers who know Sandown have many a tale to tell of that punishing climb to the winning-post, of many an apparently easy winner tiring and stopping to nothing in the last hundred yards, of many a despised outsider coming with a final rush and snatching the laurels of victory from a vastly better horse. Therefore they will not be surprised to be told that when Sweet Smiles suddenly decided to gallop, Fiddlesticks just as hurriedly came to the conclusion that he was far too leg-weary to struggle against her, and allowed himself, despite the vigorously protesting whip of his jockey, to suffer an ignominious beating by two lengths.

Framper and Salyer struck moodily across the asphalt path to Esher station.

"I've finished with racing," Jack declared. "I've had nothing but rotten luck from the very start."

"I think I'll chuck it, too," said Jimmy. "For one thing, if my governor discovered I betted there'd be an awful row."

"No room to row you, I should say," said Salyer grumpily. "Judging from my dad's claiming that telegram this morning the pair of 'em go in for an occasional flutter."

"They wouldn't excuse us, anyway," said Jimmy. "And I don't want to risk getting on the wrong side of *my* governor. Shouldn't be surprised if I do to-night though. I'm going to 'pull his ear' for a fiver. I'll lend you a couple, old man—if my luck's in."

"Thanks," said his chum, brightening. "Wouldn't do for me to ask mine. But I say, Jimmy—what price if your dad and mine have been let into the cart over Fiddlesticks?"

"I don't think mine would be. You see, he wouldn't know anything about that wire, unless he met your governor this morning, which I don't think likely, as I know he's very busy at his office."

"But if *my* dad backed it, Jimmy? It's sure to come out sooner or later that yours did send him the tip. I don't know how to explain the thing."

Jimmy smiled optimistically.

"Perhaps you'll never be asked," he said.

And the queer thing is he was right. For when Mr. Salyer, senior, had finished dinner that evening he straightway invited his son to give him twenty in a hundred-up at billiards.

"Johnny boy," he beamed as he was chalking his cue, "I'll give you another fifteen pounds to make up that twenty you asked for this morning. You don't deserve it, you scamp! But I've had a rare slice of luck to-day."

"Very pleased to hear it, dad," observed his joyous and dutiful son.

"Yes," said Mr. Salyer, "bought a parcel of Fiddlesticks—Tree and Fiddler Gold Mining Trust shares, you know—and they've jumped over thirty points since. Framper tells me they'll go up another thirty to-morrow. Oh, he's cute on a deal, is Framper! Gets the best inside information, too. But I say, Johnny, would you believe it that the beggar got so excited over the good thing that he forgot all about the telegram he sent here this morning and wired me again at the office? Swears he didn't send the one you saw. Ha—ha!"

"Perhaps he didn't," his son slyly suggested.

His father playfully poked him with the billiard cue.

"Fiddlesticks!" he laughed—"Fiddlesticks!"

RUS IN URBE.

UNSUSPECTED NATURE IN THE TOWNSMAN'S GARDEN.

"I envy you your knowledge of country life," a friend said to me the other day. We had broken off for a spell of gossip on things in general and to munch an apple in the midst of some dreary work. "I've lived in London all my life," he went on, "but I've always had a hankering for the country."

"Probably you have a tremendous lot of nature round you," I said, "but you are so surrounded by houses that you imagine there is nothing else to see."

"Well," he said, taking me at my word, "you come along to my place this week-end and see if you can find any signs of such life as you and I mean when we talk of the country."

SUBURBAN NATURE.

Gladly I accepted. One of the pleasures that a country lover enjoys most keenly is the chance of putting another country-lover on the track of things worth seeing.

My friend's house was situated about four miles from Charing Cross, in a thickly populated district. Being one of the "old" districts, it possessed many trees, and each house has a strip of garden. My friend's ran down to some dippings, which divided it from a railway embankment.

Certainly there were not many apparent inducements to birds, animals, or flowers to flourish there. Nevertheless, before that week-end was over we had found an astounding amount of "country life" to interest us.

It was Saturday evening when I reached his house—a calm, cooling afternoon after a morning's rain. The sun had shone out wet and white after a leaden day. A savoury odour came from the kitchen as we walked through to the garden.

A dull blue mist was already rising about the trees at the gardens at the back, but it was not too late for a couple of gnats to come out in the unexpected sunshine and waltz up and down in the last hour of brightness and warmth.

"There!" I said, "they might be dancing up and down over a silent trout-stream, miles from anywhere."

QUARRELLING SPARROWS.

Up in the ivy that covered half the house like a close-cropped beard were innumerable sparrows. We watched them quarrelling for the safest perches and the warmest corners for the night. For a time the ivy seemed alive with them, but even as we watched they appeared to settle down and disappear until the whole wall was silent. Birds have a way of going to roost without "giving the game away" as to where they finally settle.

Already we had observed rooks flying high up in the sunlight in a long, straggling line. He did not know where they went to, but he has since told me that often and often he has watched them go over; and from his attic window he can see them sail down into a wood on the edge of the suburb.

Across the line, on the narrow strip of land at the back of the cutting, where the porters grow cabbages and the barb, and where they pile up small manure heaps for their marrow beds, we spotted several suspiciously clean-cut holes. Rats, for certain!

GRACEFUL RODENTS.

Few creatures are at once so execrated for their vile qualities as rats. Yet if you watch them there are few animals to which the description "graceful" could be more deservedly applied. In their every action and attitude they are as dainty and as elegant as a high-bred woman. I think my friend discovered that this was so, by watching them on the opposite bank.

Before I left his house on Sunday night he was astonished to realise that he had, as regular frequenters of his garden, no fewer than six different kinds of birds.

Now he seldom comes to the office without some news as to the characteristics of one of these kinds, and more than once he has been certain that another kind has given him a call.

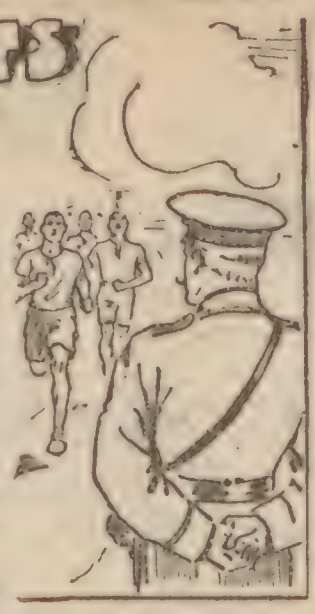
Anyhow, he hopes to keep a pair of tits as tenants during next winter by giving them a piece of suet on the end of a string to peck at. He is also on nodding terms with a thrush which finds his little grass-plot full of worms.

He has found, in fact, that he can give play to his love of nature in many directions.

C. Easton Gibbs

Regimental Sports

HUMOURS OF MILITARY ATHLETICS.



It is pleasant to revisit one's old school on the occasion of the annual games meeting, perhaps act as judge or timekeeper, and, maybe, make a creditable showing in the Old Crocks' race.

The 'Varsity sports are always worth seeing, and an L.A.C. gathering is not to be missed; still less are Highland games, with caber-tossing, sword-dancing, and other fascinating contests.

All said and done, however, for mingled sport, amusement, and good fellowship give me regimental sports.

This is Tommy's day out. True, some of the officials may be officers, but the clerk of the course is usually a non-com., and this is when Tommy's best girl turns up in force and when Tommy is in his element.

He loves nothing better than dressing up, and the annual regimental sports give him a chance of disporting himself in athletic attire that is often weird and wonderful.

MIXED COSTUMES.

Many of the men are as correctly turned out as any Oxford or Cambridge athlete, but with others it has been a question of financial considerations, and Tommy—runner, jumper, or weight-putter—has had to makeshift.

Thus you may see a jumper in singlet and regimental trousers, while another is correct as far as his feet, but the price of running shoes has beaten him, and so he runs in his grey-stockinged feet.

I remember it was once my painful duty to disqualify a competitor whose running pants were all too obviously a pair of flannel drawers which had been foreshortened with a pair of scissors.

Tommy in training for the races is great fun. He is so keen, and, as a rule, his training methods are more than enough to make the athletic angels weep.

His main idea is to engage in a series of punishing private matches right up to the day of the race. Thus, if he is a quarter-miler, early morn and dewy eve will find him racing the whole distance against all comers. The marvel is that when the actual event arrives he can raise more than a jog-trot, so much does he take out of himself beforehand.

CASH PRIZES.

Then there are mysterious trials against the clock, in which the competitor is obviously "foxing," for I may say there is fast and furious betting on the races, and there are any number of "dark horses," who usually turn out dark stumers.

The prize list is a goodly one. There are generally four prizes in each event, and often five or even six. Most of the rewards are in hard cash. Don't be shocked; the rules as to professionalism do not apply to soldiers competing in regimental sports, and Tommy would not have much use for the butter-dish or silver toast-rack of the ordinary athletic meeting.

The money prizes range from half a crown to two pounds, and are provided from officers' subscriptions, grants from canteen and other regimental funds, and entrance fees.

There are also generally special trophies for such events as the company tug-of-war or for the winner of most events.

THE OFFICERS' HANDICAP.

Tommy is a conservative creature, and the programme is not only long, but contains events rarely seen at modern athletic gatherings, such as throwing the cricket ball and drop-kicking a Rugby football.

There are many special events, as, for instance, the Officers' Handicap.

Here the last-joined subaltern is placed on the scratch mark, and for each year's service every other officer gets one yard start of him.

The last time I competed I had nine yards, finished a bad last, and was violently sick on reaching the winning-post. My servant, who, with mistaken loyalty, had backed me for half a dollar, was thoroughly disgusted with me.

There is the Marching Order Race, in which each competitor is in full marching order and carries his rifle; and there is the Band Race, in which each man has to run playing his instrument.

The youngsters are not forgotten. There is a race for the enlisted boys and competitions also for the children of the "married patch."

The *pièce de résistance* of the day, however, is the tug-of-war, and here enthusiasm runs mountains high, and the judge has a somewhat thankless task.

It is part of the etiquette of the game to begin by objecting to the other side's footwear, and rarely is defeat admitted without a prolonged and acrimonious argument.

There is no keeping back the spectators, and the judge has to be all eyes, for, given half a chance, onlookers will surreptitiously attach themselves to the rope. Then Tommy's idea of a foothold is to dig a hole about three feet deep.

Still, it is all part of the fun, and company officer, non-com., and private are to be found hanging on to the rope for dear life.

Another interesting event is the bayonet exercise or physical drill competition between company squads, which is usually judged by the Adjutant in consultation with the Sergeant-Major.

The regular athletic events do not call for much comment, though they provide plenty of fun.

In the long-distance events Tommy generally starts off at a 100 yards bat, and makes every post a winning-post, the winner usually being he who can stand on his feet at the finish. In fact, the casualties in a Grand National are small compared with those in a mile race for Tommy Atkins.

SOLDIERS NOT GOOD JUMPERS.

Tommy is rarely a good jumper. I dare say the explanation is that continual marching in heavy, hard boots produces these hard, stringy leg-muscles which are no use to the jumper.

Standing high and long jump and hop-skip-and-jump are usual items in the long programme.

Take it all round, a regimental sports meeting is real good fun for all ranks, and helps to promote good fellowship between them.

"Chinstrap."

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

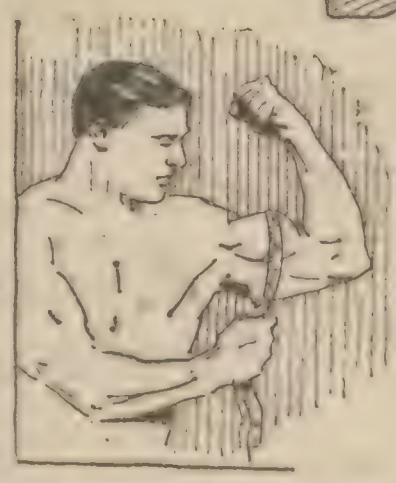
A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

GOOD LEGS.

TWO EXERCISES FOR MAKING THEM.



A good pair of legs is a possession that every man envies. Not only are they useful in all sports demanding speed and strength of the nether limbs, but the legs play such an important part in the graceful carriage of the body that the necessity for enlarging upon the advantage of their suitable development need not trouble us further.

In the first exercise, stand in the position of attention, with the shoulders thrown well back, the chest well out, and with the hands resting lightly upon the waist.

An exercise for horsemen.

Next slowly lower the body until you are sitting on your heels.

Raise yourself back to the first position, and repeat the exercise until the leg muscles begin to grow tired.

In the second exercise stand at attention, with the hands by your sides, and slowly raise your right leg till the thigh is horizontal. Point the toe well down so as to bring the muscles of the calf into play; hold the leg and foot in this position for a second or two, lower it to the ground, and repeat.

Exercise the left leg in the same manner.

Readers who indulge in horse-riding only occasionally will find these exercises, and especially the first one, very good for keeping their leg muscles in trim, and habitual practice of these exercises will prevent the fatigue that the occasional rider experiences after a spell in the saddle.

Fine for thighs and calves.

CORNS.

If spring often drives away chilblains, it frequently produces a fine crop of corns on the feet, owing, of course, to the revival spring brings in running, walking, and so on.

There are many corn cures on the market, some good, some bad. I remember trying one once for a hard corn on a toe, due to the youthful vanity of tight boots. It got rid of the corn all right by the simple process of eating away the sound part of the toe so that the corn fell out, but it struck me as rather a roundabout and heroic method of curing a corn.

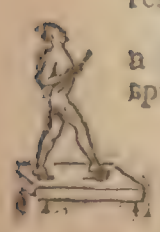
So far as hard corns, either on a toe or the sole or side of a foot, are concerned, there is no need to use any plasters, ointments, or other medicaments at all. The usual method of cutting or paring away a corn is quite wrong. The right way is to cut around the circumference with a sharp pair of pointed scissors. Work round and round gradually and towards the centre. When the edges have been well loosened the corn can generally be removed by the fingers without any pain or loss of blood. If not, soaking in hot water will do the trick.

Hard corns on the sole or side of the foot should be *filed* with a sharp-cutting file of medium grain. File once a day until there is slight pain. This shows that the corn's end is approaching.

Soft corns between the toes should be treated with strong acetic acid (acid acetic fort), applied every night with a small piece of wood, such as a match.

Great care must be exercised, however, to touch only the corn itself with the acid. If you put even the smallest particle of acid on the surrounding flesh a bad toe will result.

As the acid kills the corn it should be cut away with a pair of small, sharp scissors. The toe should also be sprinkled with boracic powder every morning.



PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

M. R. (Watford).—Back exercises will improve your long jumping. The best long jumpers gave a peculiar wriggle in the air which calls for great strength in the lower back muscles.

J. A. C. (Birmingham).—I don't quite know why, but sea-bathing is undeniably bad for golf; that is, bathing immediately before a game.

"Fists" (Derby).—Under Amateur Boxing Association Rules contests are limited to three rounds, the first two of three minutes, the last of four minutes' duration, with one minute between each. If the two judges disagree the referee can either give his vote or order further rounds of two minutes each. Two of the three opinions must agree before a winner can be declared.

C. F. (Belfast).—Measurements good, with exception of legs. Practise exercises given this week.

B. A. (Derby).—Either loofah or asbestos boot socks are a good remedy for cold, damp feet. They have the advantage of being both cheap and washable. You should wear natural wool socks in preference to coloured ones.

A. C. K. (Dulwich).—We certainly don't advise drugs. If exercise fails to induce sleep, try what a cup of one of the many meat extracts or of cocoa taken at bedtime will do. A small plate of porridge is also excellent.

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THE COMMERCIAL AND THE CONVICT.

AN EPISODE "ON THE ROAD."

By ROBERT OVERTON.

"I see they haven't captured that prisoner yet who escaped from Exeter Castle last night," remarked one of the travellers, laying down the London evening paper he had brought in with him.

"No," said another—a rather pale, clean-shaven young man, who looked somehow as though he had had a day of worry and disappointment. "But they made sure they'd copped him at Yeovil Junction this morning by the up 7.20 from Queen Street."

"Oh, how was that?" And others besides the questioner looked interested.

"I'll tell you all about it if you like."

At this moment one of the company who had left the commercial room half an hour previously, re-entered it with a stranger.

"A customer of mine, Parkinson," he said, by way of a general introduction of the visitor. "My friend, Mr. Collins."

"Good evening, sir—glad to see you."

The young man who had just before referred to the 7.20 from Exeter joined in the general welcome, and as soon as Mr. Collins had seated himself in the easy-chair placed for him near the fire, addressed him again.

"Excuse me, sir, but are you Mr. Collins of Collins and Shaw?"

"Yes, sir. I don't remember——"

"No, Mr. Collins, we've never met before; this is my first journey. I represent Hare, Joynes and Joyce. I had a special appointment with you to-day at 2.30. I advised myself from Exeter last night."

"Mr. Winterton?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Winterton, I'm only a guest in this room, and I'd certainly rather not talk about the matter before all these gentlemen, who are not interested in it; but as you've made yourself known to me like this, and spoken about it yourself"—here Mr. Collins, who had plainly had a little difficulty in controlling his temper, suddenly let it go—"why the devil didn't you come, sir? You don't expect an order from me now, I suppose?"

"Of course, I did expect one, and I hope I haven't lost it. I feel sure you'll excuse me when you hear what I've been through, and how it is that I only reached Salisbury this evening instead of early this afternoon. I was on the point of telling the story when you came in. You won't mind hearing it now instead of more privately?"

"Not in the least."

"Well; then, a few minutes ago this gentleman here was reading that that prisoner who escaped from Exeter Gaol is still at large. If I do miss that order you kindly refer to, Mr. Collins, it will be because the other one, who upset all my arrangements, was not really the same one, as you know, any more than I was either the chap who turned out not to be the right one or the convict he wasn't the least bit. In fact, not by any means."

"May I order you a plain soda?" asked Mr. Collins.

"No, thanks; I'm quite all right, except that I haven't entirely recovered from the excitement yet. I'll soon straighten things out, and then you'll see what I mean.

The door was flung open, and in scrambled another passenger.

"To begin with last night, we sat up rather late at the Half Moon, talking about the escaped convict and his chances of breaking clear away, the general opinion being that he couldn't have got out of the city yet. I couldn't get the fellow out of my mind, and was dreaming of him when boots knocked me up this morning. It was barely light when I got to Queen Street Station to catch the 7.20, and I didn't feel much more than half awake. I was glad to find an empty carriage and to settle myself down in the far corner of it with the hope of an uninterrupted snooze. I shut my eyes at once, and was dozing off before the train started.

"Just at the last moment—in fact, it was actually on the move—the door was flung open, and in scrambled another passenger—a man of about my own age, height, and build, and, like myself, clean shaven. A long overcoat covered him from neck to heels, and he wore a slouch hat pulled down over his ears.

"He carried a brown hand-bag, which he threw on the seat beside him, as, with an air of exhaustion and weariness, he sank into the corner by the other window, on the opposite side of the carriage from where my legs were stretched.

"I was naturally annoyed at the fellow's intrusion, and in no mood for conversation, so I didn't offer him any greeting, but at once re-composed myself for the snooze from which he had aroused me.

"I couldn't have slept for many minutes before I half woke up again, coming back to semi-consciousness with—and as though because of—an uneasy, ill-defined feeling that I was being watched.

"The chap *had* been watching me, for as I suddenly opened my eyes he hurriedly and confusedly withdrew his from me and gazed intently out of the window at his end of the carriage. Something in his look and manner impressed me with a vague, unaccountable feeling of suspicion. Why the deuce should the man have been looking at me like that?

"The same thing happened again. Again I felt, before I confirmed the fact by another awakening glance, that again he was intently regarding me. What did he mean by it? This time I observed that he had opened his bag, and also that he seemed even more taken back than before on detecting that again I had detected his impertinent scrutiny.

"That uncomfortable sensation of mine that there was something strange and suspicious about my fellow-passenger returned, and I couldn't shake it off. Could he be meditating an attack on me for purposes of robbery? Was he only waiting to assure himself I was so sound asleep that he could avoid a struggle by cracking me over the head before I could wake? We do hear of such things sometimes, you know, gentlemen; and you should understand I'd had a bad night as well as a short one, and was a bit off colour. Eh? Well, we certainly had rather gone it at the Half Moon, and it does get on the nerves when you're not used to it.

"Half afraid and half only inquisitive, I played fox. In pretence and in seeming I sank into a deeper sleep than ever, even snoring a little; in fact and reality I kept wide awake and on my guard, my eyes not so closely shut as to prevent me from watching my watcher.

"He removed his hat, and I noted how short his black hair was cropped. He put thumb and finger on the top button of his long overcoat, as though about to remove that, too. Then he hesitated, listening as well as looking. My gentle snoring was in keeping with my somnolent attitude.

"Evidently reassured, he sprang to his feet, unbuttoning as he rose. Freeing himself of his coat, he stood upright—in the hideous, arrow-studded khaki of a convict! I was riding alone with the escaped fugitive—the hunted, desperate man the very recklessness of whose bolt for freedom made it long odds that he wouldn't stop short of murder to save himself from the re-arrest that would follow discovery.

"If you wish to realise what my feelings were, you can try to do so; but, as far as I am concerned, I don't want them to come on again; and if you'll kindly touch that bell, sir, another whisky may help to keep 'em down. Thank you. . . .

"Opening his bag, gentlemen, the escaped convict took out a suit of plain clothes, into which he slipped almost as quickly as he first stripped himself of his ghastly uniform, which, article by article, he scrambled into the brown handbag, then throwing the latter into the rack over his head, after which he covered himself again with his overcoat and resumed his seat. Producing a cigar-case and a silver matchbox, he lit up.

"Whoever the chap was, I thought, from whom he must have pinched everything he brought into the carriage with him except his now discarded livery, that chap must have an educated taste in tobacco, for the cigar the thief was smoking testified its quality by its delicious aroma. Both windows being up, it filled the carriage, and so tickled my nostrils that at last I had to sneeze. As you can't sneeze asleep, I had to be awake.

"Immediately I sat up the smoker addressed me with inconceivable effrontery.

"'Hope you've enjoyed your nap, sir. I tried not to disturb you, and I trust I didn't. I wanted to ask you to excuse me for turning the carriage into a dressing-room—for while you've been asleep I've made a little change in my attire—but I saw you were just going off. Very cold this morning!'

"What was I to do? The train would stop at Honiton, where it would be my duty to have him given in charge. But there are occasions, gentlemen, when we don't any of us do our strict, legal duty; and I decided that, in the case of myself, this was going to be one of 'em.

"After all, perhaps the poor devil had suffered enough already; and, anyway, in matters of sport my sympathy is with the hunted. If I were to give information a lot of time would be taken up in formalities—and what about the calls I had to make? What, in particular, about my appointment with Mr. Collins here?—whose order I hope to have the pleasure of booking to-morrow. Whatever my predominating motive really was, and whether I was right or whether I was wrong, I made up my mind not to turn informer. I'd let everything slide. The law had lost him, so let the law find him.

"He got out at Honiton—and I wouldn't even look which way he went. It was quite enough for me that he'd gone. I breathed all the freer for his absence as the train got into motion again. But, glancing up at the rack, I saw that he'd left an unpleasant reminder behind him. There was the brown hand-bag. Forgotten? Certainly not. Left behind on purpose, of course. The man wouldn't be such a fool as to carry his own condemnation about with him.

"When I got out of the train at Yeovil, where I had a couple of customers to see, I didn't call a porter, for fear he should see that handbag and ask questions. Carrying my own traps, I'd scarcely got clear of the station before one of the staff overtook me and asked me to return. The stationmaster wanted to see me, said I would see the stationmaster later on, but could come back just then.

"The man had instructions. He followed me. I saw a policeman cross the road and fall into my rear. I knew that he had signalled to him and was talking to him. Then the policeman overtook me and asked me to accompany him. I inquired indignantly what I was charged with, and the policeman replied sorrowfully that he had no charge against me—at present.

"The stationmaster and a porter were at the platform station almost as soon as we were. The porter had seen me leave the carriage, in which he spotted the little brown bag immediately afterwards. As he grabbed hold of it it flew open. The inspector demanded an explanation of the contents. I told him the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—that is to say, he got it all out of me. He considered my explanation unsatisfactory.

"The clothes were my fit, and I answered the description of the wanted man who had been wearing them. I produced my credentials. I overheard the sergeant tell the inspector that he had a theory: I'd stolen everything, from cards to portmanteaux, after breaking prison. The inspector telephoned to Hare, Joynes and Joyce. Fancy telephoning my firm to ask whether their representative was an escaped convict! He was a long time getting through, and he was the wire almost as long after he had got through.

"He must still have thought there was a possibility that I was impersonating the real Mr. Winterton, for he detained me, 'pending further inquiries,' and said that at the best he must enter a secondary charge, of which 'aiding and abetting' seemed to be the most alarming words. He proceeded to make it clear to me that in failing to report that I had ridden with a man in convict garb, and in allowing that man to walk away when the train stopped at Yeovil, I had rendered myself amenable to a serious charge, to which were attached serious pains and penalties.

"I lost count of time, and don't know how many hours it was before the end came, with the second visit of the stationmaster to the police-station, accompanied by my fellow-traveller from Exeter as far as Honiton!

"He was as well known to the inspector as he was to the railway official. He'd telegraphed to the latter to ask whether his little brown bag had been handed out at Honiton (the next stop). Receiving the stationmaster's startling information, he'd come on by the first train he could catch. He'd been at a fancy dress carnival at Exeter last night in the character of a convict, and having kept it up till the first break he was feeling tired, and would be glad to get back to Honiton by the next train, now that he'd done the proper thing by me."

"The secondary charge? How could I have 'aided and abetted' an escaped convict who wasn't a convict who hadn't escaped? If I'm still a little muddled in my ter you'll excuse me, I'm sure. Are you going now, Collins? What about that order, sir?"

"See me in the morning," said Mr. Collins.

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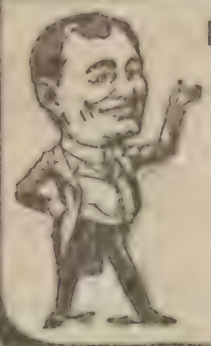

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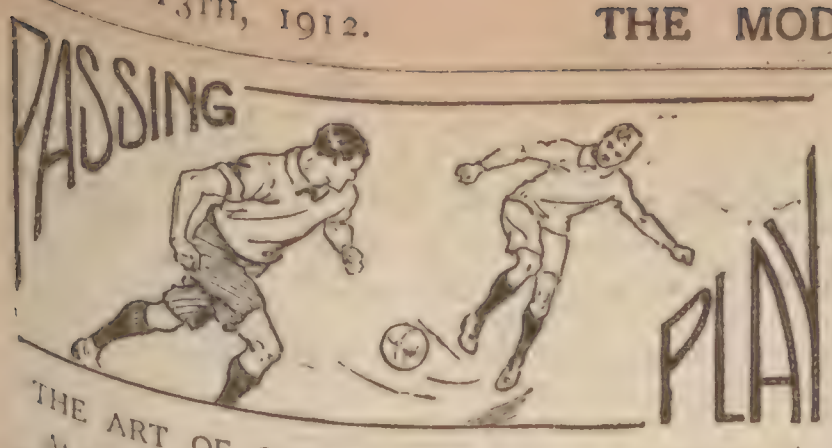

THE ART OF COMBINATION IN A NUTSHELL.

At every football match, big or little, you will hear the cry come from the spectators, not once, but a hundred times or more, "Pass, man!" It is, however, problematical whether, in the majority of cases, the spectator is as good a judge of the action to be adopted as is the man with the ball.

"To pass or not to pass" is one of the most puzzling questions that harass the footballer, and all the more so because his mind has to be made up in a flash.

The most important point to remember is that it takes two men to make a good pass. The success of the movement depends just as much on the man who takes the pass as on the player who gives it. Just as the latter must give the ball accurately and cleanly, so must the other equally importantly put himself into the most convenient possible position in which to take it.

WHEN TO KEEP THE BALL.

It is worse than useless to let go the ball without reason, though this is often done by young and nervous players. They feel that the responsibility of keeping the ball is too much for them; and they consequently pass it to any other member of their own side, it doesn't matter who, or how-ever well he may be "marked" at the time.

In such a case, it generally happens that an opponent is given just as good a chance of getting the ball as the man for whom it is really intended. Moral: Hang on to the ball until you see clearly that some other member of your own side can deal with it *better* than you.

The object of passing, again, is to get the ball down the ground, so that the most effective pass is one made in a forward direction—of course, I mean, where it can be done without danger of infringing the "off-side" rule. So long as you are in front of the backs (in which case I am presuming that the goalkeeper is within his own sphere of activity) it always pays better to pass "through," as the saying is, than sideways or backwards. The receiver, too, ought to be as far in front as is compatible with the rules.

HOW TO AIM.

Here is another big point. In kicking, don't aim at the spot where the receiver is at the moment of passing, but just a yard or so in front of him. This will allow him to be at that spot at the precise moment of its arrival there. Otherwise he would have to stop dead in his run, or even to go backwards in order to gain the ball, thus possibly allowing the opposing defence to close in on him. The foregoing is one of the most vital points of passing tactics.

"Drawing the defence before passing" is a tricky and enormously useful manœuvre, but it should be remembered that where you have no opponent to "draw" there is no necessity to pass at all. You are the best man to have the ball. Supposing, however, that you are marked, and you are attempting to draw your man, be very careful to get rid of the ball before he gets *too* close, otherwise you may easily have the "pill" bagged from you.

PIFFLING PLAY.

Don't "piffle." This is one of the greatest faults of a great many ultra-clever teams, both amateur and professional. You will see the ball slip elusively from one forward to another, with the defence helpless to dispossess them of it; but for all that, those smart forwards will not be able to get any "forrader." The ball will remain in mid-field, passing from wing to wing, but neither forwards nor backs will be "piffling" with it.

That is because the men are "piffling" with it.

The real art of passing may perhaps be said to be in judiciously avoiding "piffling" play and "ragged" play. The former is the short game and the latter the "long game," carried to excess respectively. Short passes of a few yards are often paying, and so are long ones from one wing to another, but overdone the former degenerates into "piffle" and the latter into a ragged "kick and rush." Safety lies in a wise mixture of the two.

W. A.

NURSERY RHYMES.

"Chinstrap" tells this story of his little daughter who, then aged three, was having nursery rhymes read to her.

"Now, mummy," said the infant, "read me the one about the lady's——" (a domestic utensil of ancient design and great utility, but not usually mentioned in polite society).

"The lady's——. What on earth do you mean, child?" said Mrs. Chinstrap, very much surprised and mystified.

"Oh, you know, mummy—Goosey, Goosey Gander."

Think it out, and then try not to laugh.

EXERCISE BEFORE BREAKFAST.

It is one of the truest sayings that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, and there are many men who derive great advantage from sporting practice before breakfast—*i.e.*, on an empty stomach—just as there are scores of fine athletes who are greatly injured by it.

Numbers of fine sprinters, for instance, will practise bursts of speed after a simple draught of raw eggs whipped up in sherry; but, at the same time, there are others, equally good on the track, who, if they tried to do it, would merely be violently ill. The moral is, if you find that ante-breakfast exercise disagrees with you, do no sporting work until at least an hour after your first meal of the day.

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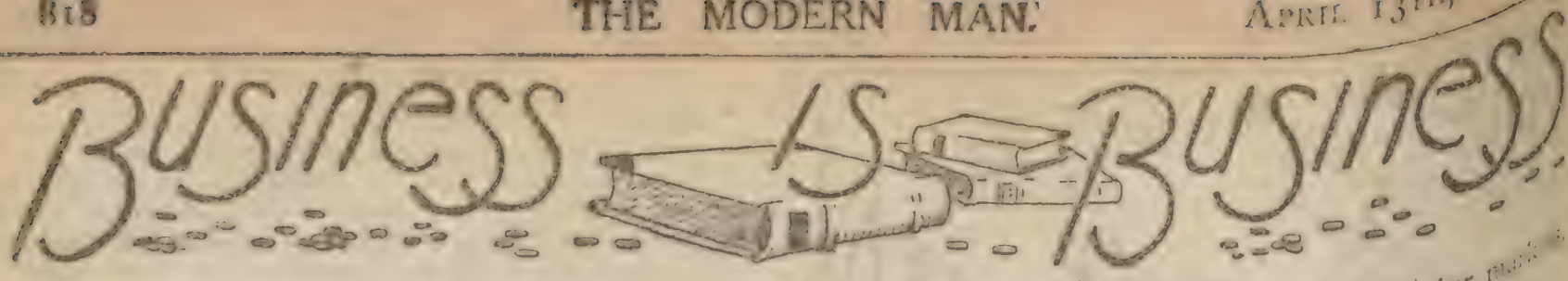

OFFICE JEALOUSIES.

UNSUSPECTED DANGERS TO BUSINESS.

Jealousy spoils business life for an extraordinarily large number of men. The reason is that this spirit of jealousy, once it gets into an office, not only involves the man who is afflicted with it, but has a direct effect on the man against whom it is directed.

There are few offices where jealousy and suspicion are not rampant.

This may sound a somewhat sweeping assertion, but let any reader think for a moment and be honest with himself, and he will be forced to admit that this is so.

From every point of view jealousy is a direct drawback to business.

In many an office there is intense jealousy between different departments. Mind you, I do not mean rivalry. There is all the world of difference between these two things.

The jealousy that injures business is the spirit that prevents one department lifting a finger to facilitate the business of the other, where their interests touch. In place of this there is often a spirit which says, in effect; "Oh, let them do their business in their own way."

Similarly, there is often this feeling between man and man.

It leads to an "armed neutrality," in which neither is quite comfortable with the other. There is more thought given to besting each other than to pulling together for "the house."

One of the best antidotes to this acid poison is the association of the members of the firm in sports and in other social ways.

In this manner the members get to know one another better and are able to form estimates of character far more accurately than is possible by furtively glaring at each other across the floor of an office.

And the greater our knowledge of each other, the deeper our respect for each other is likely to be.

R. Featherstone.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—Editor.)

The Government Bill seems to have had an excellent effect on the coal strike, and in consequence most stocks and shares have been firmer, including Consols.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the settlement now approaching will be the beginning of the end of the industrial unrest which has had such a serious effect on the trade and financial outlook of the country for some time past.

Home Railways have had their fair share of the rise, especially my favourites, the London underground lines.

Districts have risen to 40, Metropolitans to 65, and last, but not least, East Londons to 9¼.

The last stock I have consistently recommended since the price was in the vicinity of 4, and those who followed my advice have now a good profit to take, although the price may still go better.

The American market is still strong, and looks like going still better—especially Steels and Unions.

Canadian Pacifics are better, and Trunks seem to have got a rise on at last. Now they have started, I hope and expect the rise will continue for a long time.

Margett's Tyre shares, referred to in this column last week, are still good to buy, although the price has improved. Further contracts for the supply of the tyres are being entered into every day, and the outlook for the shares is very promising.

Way Halim rubber shares, which I advised a purchase of over one year ago, and which have unfortunately fallen in price since then, are on the up grade again, and this year trade is above expectations. Moreover, the directors will be in the happy position of supplying some very favourable news to the shareholders at the next annual meeting.

Rhodesians look like going better with other [illegible] but I have still no faith in Kaffirs.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

"Anxious" (Grimsby).—I think you had better hold.

E. E. (Risca).—In my opinion a thoroughly safe investment.

T. L. (Morecambe).—The company to which you refer is in liquidation.

T. S. (Newquay).—A promising speculation, but leave yourself room to average in case of a relapse.

A. R. C. (Tralee).—(1) Close at best. (2) I think you might average. (3) Prospects not very promising.

The Financial Editor.

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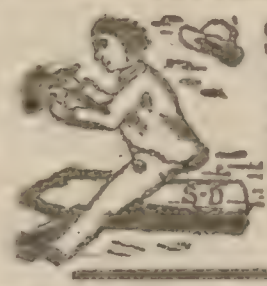

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THE COMPLETE BACHELOR

A CHARACTER STUDY.

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

When you see a man who is popular on the links without being more than a moderate "24," who is sought for as a partner in a four-handed game of billiards although he never exceeds a ten break, who is captain of the cricket team despite the fact that he was runner-up for the last place in the previous season's averages, then you may safely decide that there is something right with him.

Ticks and I knocked into him at the Cricket Club Dinner, and discovered later that the man who had asked us down for the week-end intended to "sleep" us at his place, owing to the fact of a big handful of family connections.

Therefore, somewhere about 4 a.m. we invaded the rooms of Jimmy the Just—the man with whom there is something right, the good chap who is the Complete Bachelor.

Ticks is romantic. I am eminently practical. Ticks was disappointed to find that the rooms of the Complete Bachelor were not hopelessly untidy. Your bachelor of the novels always drinks brandy-and-soda before going to bed and smokes reflective cigarettes while he looks in the fire.

Once in his rooms, Jimmy the Just reflected over nothing. He said there was no beverage after a dance quite so good as cocoa of the sort that is grateful and comforting. Even as he spoke he walked out of the room and reappeared with a jug of it that would have put a first-class hotel to shame and made an Italian restaurant-keeper envious.

"Now," said the Complete Bachelor, "I'm going to turn in. I've a lot to do in the morning. You chaps can sit here as long as you like. Ta-ta."

This disappointed Ticks again. The appropriate finish to an evening in bachelor rooms is a game of cards. You stake your money high. You go to bed with the sun grinning at you. You get up at 12 a.m. You look like a ghost come back from a steam-laundry. You are a hero. Ticks was thinking on such glorious things as these this business——

When Jimmy the Just, hefty e'en in his pyjamas, peered a towsled head into the room.

"I've put a hot-water bottle in your beds," said he.

That finished it.

This bachelor, whom we had hoped would be so like the books, had slumped all our ideas of what the gay life was like in rooms absolutely your own by admitting possession of water-bottles.

"He crams the thing," as Ticks observed, "not only down your throat, but into your bed."

The door closed, and we were at liberty to look round without being considered visitors of the auctioneer and estate agent type—that is to say, the man who clutches your most treasured Indian work ash-tray off your mantelpiece and asks you how much you gave for that old thing.

Then Ticks remembered he had thrown his pyjamas into Jimmy's room by mistake.

We invaded his bedroom to recover them.

The Fates had cast them forth long ago. He did not swear at us, we gathered, because we were his guests—guests labouring under the delusion that the bedroom of the Complete Bachelor was sacred at no hour. Jimmy deserved his title.

Ticks could not resist searching for romance. There was an old oak wardrobe, very massive, in Jimmy's room.

"When you get married your missus will appreciate your old-furniture collecting hobby," said he. "There's nothing a woman likes more than cupboard room. I know. I've got sisters."

Jimmy growled from the bed:

"You're wrong. They prefer a lovely new mahogany thing with a nine-foot mirror in it. Good night."

You will note he did not say he would never become a victim. That set Ticks going again. He traced a woman's hand" in the way the bric-à-brac was set about. We enlarged on this for quite ten minutes before it occurred to us that there was but little doubt that Jimmy had a landlady or a housekeeper somewhere in the lower regions.

We waded through miles of this sort of thing. We did all we could to put a broken heart or a sad, hopeless passion into the life of Jimmy the Just. But not an engraved book in his bookshelf had anything in it but the price in the corner, a sure sign that it was not a present.

The works illustrated by those masters of delicacy Dulac, Symes, and Thorp were just old business transactions. You paid your two guineas and you hoped your landlady would not thumb the precious copies.

But from Ticks came a soft, exulting "Eureka!" when in a far-away corner we found the portrait of a girl—sensible-looking; the girl after what we should imagine to be the heart of Jimmy the Just.

"This man," said Ticks, "is no empty-headed worshipper of actresses on picture post-cards. I can understand after seeing this young woman why he is so obviously over this period—the sly old dog to hide it in a corner! I tell you, these quiet chaps are the ones to suspect."

"Exactly," said I. "Look at all the brass candlesticks he has collected."

"They would light a very large family to bed," said Ticks, rubbing his hands. "Jimmy the Just is a man I know I shall like. I shall be a fictitious uncle. I can see that."

"But first of all it's a pot-hat parade," I suggested. "It will all be very fine. You, Ticks, will probably get clogged up with the sister. You will be Jimmy's brother-in-law."

"And I shouldn't mind that," said Ticks, forgetting that his laundry was a thing he frequently found it rather a bother to pay for.

"Yet," said I, looking very meditatively into the fire, "think of all this ideal place being split up. Think of a cook-general making his supper cocoa for him, and making it smoky. Think of an under-housemaid putting his hot water-bottle into his bed half cold."

Ticks was dreaming again.

"Such things, old man," said he, "must be."

The next morning Jimmy the Just invited us to inspect his portrait and picture gallery.

He passed over the lady's photo at first, whereat Ticks smiled.

"And who is the girl in the corner, old man?" said he.

"That," said Jimmy the Just, "is my sister."

ORIGIN OF B.C.C.

What was the origin of the Billiards Control Club, for the championship of which Inman and Reece, at the moment of writing, are battling, the former having a big lead at the half-distance?

It arose in this way: from the beginning of the Billiards Association in 1884 professionals and persons connected with the trade, billiard-table makers and others, were allowed to be members, and had an active voice in the government of the game.

This state of affairs was objected to by many amateurs, just as the A.F.A. amateurs objected to directors of professional football clubs being given a seat on the council of amateur associations, and eventually a resolution was passed declaring professional and trade members ineligible to serve on the committee.

This was followed by a still more drastic resolution depriving professional and trade members of a vote at the annual general meeting of the Billiards Association.

Against this the outcasts revolted, and the Billiards Control Club was formed in season 1908-09, such well-known sportsmen as Viscount Deerhurst, Sir George Chetwynd, Bart., Major W. Broadfoot, Mr. R. H. Rimington-Wilson, the Duke of Rutland, and Major-General Sir H. P. Ewart being among the first members of the general council.

BRIEF REPLIES.

(Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.)

A. M. (Westgate-on-Sea).—Under the rules of the Amateur Boxing Association the ring shall be roped, and not less than 12ft. or more than 20ft. square. Eight-ounce gloves are used in all A.B.A. competitions.

R. A. R. (Wakefield).—A warrant officer differs from a non-commissioned officer in that, among other respects, he can be tried only by a General Court-Martial and has the privilege of wearing plain clothes when not on duty. He is addressed as "Sir" by all non-coms. and privates, but is not saluted.

P. B. (Nuneaton).—The umpire shall not be changed during a match unless with the consent of both sides. The only exception to this rule is the case of an umpire caught betting, when either side may summarily dismiss him.

F. J. M. (Chiswick).—It is not necessary to raise your hat on meeting her for a second time within a brief period.

"Cheeroh" (Eltham).—Your original story is quite amusing. We read it in the "Pink 'Un," the last number but one.

G. L. P. (Bristol).—In one-day cricket matches the side which bats first and leads by 75 runs shall have the option of requiring the other side to follow on. If not played out, the match is decided on the first innings. A match is considered not played out if there is a tie on two innings.

C. B. (Sowerby Bridge).—You lose. The main sheet is not the mainsail, but the rope by which it is pulled in or let out.

A. C. (Glasgow).—"Gin a body meet a body, when he's fu' o' rye."

"Tom" (Liverpool).—Most West End theatres permit morning dress in the dress circle, bar the first two rows.

D. J. O. (Esher).—A "Bombay duck" is a fish, rather like a trout, which, salted and dried, is served as a relish with curry.

"Henry" (Bootle).—We imagine that any doctor may call himself a specialist, but he would not be professionally recognised as such unless he holds or has held a medical professorship on the subject in which he specialises.

R. F. B. (Stockton).—We think that the acrobatic style of high-jumping introduced by the Americans should be barred at athletic sports. In our opinion it is not high jumping at all.

H. N. (Cricklewood).—We do not care to discuss the question of marriages between first cousins, but there is no doubt that the offspring of such unions are often mentally and physically wanting.

R. C. (Wigan).—A jockey may not include his whip when weighing out or weighing in.

A. R. (Worcester), **C. W. C.** (Drogheda), **D. E.** (Bangor), **H. C. T.** (Bournemouth).—Much obliged.

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CARE OF A FOOTBALL FIELD.

HOW THE GRASS IS KEPT IN CONDITION.

The writer was, not long ago, talking to a member of the Chelsea Football Club during an interval in an [illegible] training work, and the conversation turned on the [illegible] the ground at the time. It was a fitting reward for the [illegible] that had been bestowed upon it during the [illegible] Green and well cared for, it looked more like a [illegible] field than one used for football.

The writer asked his informant some questions [illegible] the care of a football field, and gleaned the following information.

Grounds in the South of England are improving year by year, because the comparatively short rainfall, as against that in the Midlands, renders it possible to return bare patches in the summer. This is done in this way.

On most grounds there are two large square patches of turf in an out-of-the-way part of the ground constantly tended for purposes of repair. If there is no room actually within the enclosure, these patches are kept somewhere in the neighbourhood. Whenever a place is worn very bare the earth is cut away to a depth of three or four inches, and a piece, or pieces, cut from one of the reserve turf patches substituted for it. This new piece is then carefully watered and rolled, and soon you could not tell where the repair had taken place.

The reason for keeping two spare turf patches is in order that when the first is exhausted it can be re-sown with grass seed which will be ready for use by the time the second patch is exhausted in its turn.

A football field, by the way, is not rolled too often, because this forces the water, if any, up to the surface again. Light hand-rollers, pulled by men, are generally used.

The field, however, is not the groundsman's only [illegible]. The earth-banks which surround almost every [illegible] ground are constantly crumbling away, as the result of the [illegible] attention of thousands of excited spectators, and the [illegible] repairing them keeps the groundsman and his [illegible] very busy.

KNELL OF "SPECIAL TRAINING."

An interesting feature of this season's F. A. Cup [illegible] petitions has been the almost complete absence of [illegible] the teams away for special training.

Directors have found that the change of air, unaccus[illegible] tomed environment, and mode of living often upset the men and do them more harm than good.

THE NEW STYLE COUNTRY PUB.

There have been numerous complaints from all sorts and conditions of tourists during the past few years about the high charges and indifferent accommodation at the ordinary village "pub."

Cyclists and walkers are at the mercy of these places when on their travels, and have to put up with anything they can get when overtaken by hunger, weariness, or bad weather. It is then a case of "any port in a storm."

Thanks, however, to the work of an admirable society, there is springing up all over the country a new style of pub., where the object in view is something beyond the sale of as much beer as possible.

At the beginning of the season every tourist should provide himself with a list of the houses conducted by the Public House Trusts and the People's Refreshment House Association. From 15, Dean's Yard, Westminster, full and valuable information can be obtained.

HINTS FOR EMERGENCIES WHEN ON THE ROAD

The ancient philosopher said sagely "If you wish for peace prepare for war"; and the maxim can be easily and aptly adjusted to suit the case of the keen cyclist. His motto should be "If you wish for enjoyable and uninterrupted spins prepare for breakdowns." Here are useful points to remember when the inevitable happens:—

The wise man's tool-bag should always contain at least three tyre levers, for taking off the outer cover; though, if he uses Palmer tyres, these will not be required, for the latter can be slipped off with the fingers. Other vital items in his repair-outnt are: prepared rubber (failing this, a good substitute is given below), rubber solution, French chalk, and a small piece of canvas.

MENDING A PUNCTURE.

Most of us know the process; but, nevertheless, it may be described roughly in the interests of novices. First you smear some rubber solution over the puncture in the inner tube, then stick on a piece of the prepared rubber. The French chalk should be applied on this, to prevent the inner-tube sticking, at that point, to the outer cover. Finally, a piece of the canvas aforementioned should be bound over the repair, as this serves to "plug," in a measure, the hole in the outer tyre.

Here, now, is the "tip," if you are without any prepared rubber. A small piece cut from an indiarubber tobacco-pouch will serve the purpose quite well. So much for the tyres.

Next to them, the greatest source of trouble in the matter of accidents on the road is the chain and the parts that appertain thereto.

First, as prevention is better than cure, don't forget that the chain should be blackleaded, *not* oiled. If you oil it, it is bound to get clogged with dust and give you all sorts of trouble when you least expect it.

SPANNER AND SCREW-HAMMER.

Always carry a "flat plate spanner" cut to take all the sizes of nuts on your machine and a "screw-hammer," for the chain will frequently require the services of both these. The action of running will very often cause the cotter-pin, which runs through both extremities of the chain-axle, to work loose. If this happens, the cotter-pin should be hammered back tightly with the screw-hammer and the nut on the end tightened with the spanner.

The wise man, too, carries duplicate nuts, &c., of every variety, for some are very liable to drop right off. The cotter-pin above mentioned, for instance, and the chain-bolt are very bad offenders in this way; and if you cannot replace them, there is nothing for it but a weary trudge, pushing your machine, to the nearest repair-shop; but if you wisely have duplicates by you, it is only the work of a minute to fix a new one on.

The chain very rarely breaks, but when it does you will be wise in refraining from an attempt to remedy it. Push on philosophically to the nearest blacksmith's or repair-shop. When a chain-link breaks, it is a case for nobody but one in the business, for amateur attention only makes confusion worse confounded.

IF CAUGHT BENDING.

Again, do not be without a "spoke-key." You may, possibly, have a minor collision which may result in a bent rim or spokes. If this is not over-serious, you can often put it straight again with the spoke-key. Strangely enough, however, a great many cyclists of quite long standing neglect to carry one.

Finally, the best way of seeing whether your wheel bearings are running properly is to put the tyre-valve towards the top of the wheel, and make sure that its weight makes the latter swing backwards and forwards until finally the valve stops at the very bottom.

W. S. Gilling.

LIMITS OF MASONIC OBLIGATIONS.

It has been suggested in some quarters that because Mr. Justice Bucknill and the condemned man Seddon are both Freemasons, the Judge will use his influence to secure a reprieve.

This, of course, is an absurd, indeed, a monstrous, idea. Freemasonry, so far from protecting the evil-doer, is utterly opposed to crime, and the man who does grievous wrong will soon be expelled from his lodge.

It is true that Freemasonry is a brotherhood, the members of which are pledged to stand by each other; but there is a very distinct and common-sense limit to the extent of their obligations.

A Freemason is not obliged for the sake of another to do anything contrary to the public interest or against his honour or conscience.

Nor is he compelled to do anything against his private interests, as, for example, lending a needy brother money he cannot afford to lose or employing a man against his better judgment.

A Freemason employer having before him two applicants of equal ability and claims for a job, one a Mason the other not, would certainly give the post to the former; but it is a mistake to suppose that an incompetent or worthless fellow will gain any advantage from being a Freemason.

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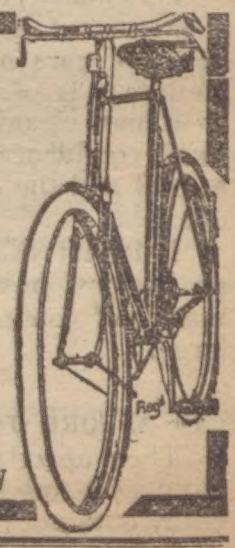

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

DRESSING WELL—WHO CARES?

In a recent issue a critic recommended me through the Editor to betake myself to the South Pole, a pleasing variation from the usual place to which angry men consign those with whom they are annoyed.

I am inclined to think that the Antarctic, or even that "other place," might be a pleasant change from this Merry England of ours at the moment of writing—certainly in the region I am too polite to mention there would be no worry about the supply of coal—but what interests me is my critic's question: "Who cares what a man wears?"

Personally, I think many persons care. Of course, it is a matter of degree and circumstances. The coal-owner may not care a dump how the miner dresses, but to the banker it is of importance that his clerks should be well, or at least cleanly and neatly, dressed. You would not have much confidence in a bank the manager of which was down-at-heel and the clerks looked as if they habitually slept in a dust-bin.

I do not think I need labour the point that in certain professions, businesses, and trades what a man wears is a matter of concern not only to himself, but to the public at large.

CAN AFFORD TO DRESS BADLY.

Then apart from material reasons, is the average man indifferent to what he wears? I think not. The man who really does not care how he dresses is either a very rich man or a very poor one, a very successful man—not necessarily financially—or a very unsuccessful one, or he belongs to the category of the eccentric and the absent-minded.

To wish to look presentable has become largely an instinct with civilised man.

Go to a big football match, mix with the crowd round the rails, and you will find that 90 per cent. of the working men present have taken the trouble to change their clothes and to put on a clean collar, while the other 10 per cent. have probably had no time to do so.

Why do these hard-worked men trouble to make themselves smart? Largely, I say, a matter of instinct, instinct acquired in long centuries of civilisation, though, of course, the equation of the comfort and refreshingness of clean clothes enters into it.

MEN DRESS FOR MEN.

No doubt, too, a man gets out of grubby clothes not only for his own self-respect, but to gain the respect of others.

But perhaps my critic has in mind not so much ordinary decent dressing, but the effect on others of taking a lot of trouble over your attire and being, we may say, fashionably dressed.

It has been said that if women dressed to please men they would not dress at all. This is not so naughty as it sounds. It merely enunciates the truth that men are not so interested in, or at least so capable critics of, a woman's dress as women.

Similarly I think we may say that a man dresses well chiefly to please other men.

No doubt he perks himself up when going into feminine society, but so far as criticism is concerned he has his eye mainly on his fellow-men. And rightly so. The average woman is a poor judge of men's dress, just as the average man is incapable of appreciating niceties in a woman's toilette which at once catch the feminine eye.

Woman's taste in colours for men, more especially in ties, coloured shirts, fancy waistcoats, and socks, is generally lamentable, and while she likes to see a man well-groomed she is blind or indifferent to those little touches of cut, way of knotting the tie, curl of hat-brim, and so on which are noticed and commented upon among well-dressed men.

I could easily say more on the subject, but hope I have given at least some answers to my critic's question "Who cares what a man wears?"

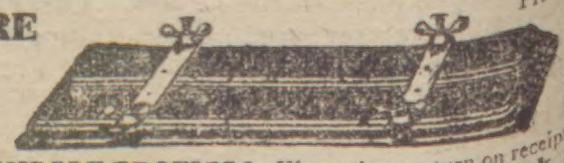
CRICKET KIT.

The Jam of Nawanagar, better remembered as K. S. Ranjitsinhji, made silk cricket shirts popular. Indeed, one would scarcely have known him without his silken shirt, shimmering in the sun or ballooning in the breeze.

Well, there is something to be said for the silk shirt, if you can afford it, and also for the less expensive white canvas shirt. They look smarter and possibly are cooler, or feel cooler, than the common or garden flannel shirt, but unquestionably the latter is the healthiest wear for the cricketer, and here, of course, cheapness is the falsest form of economy.

Major Wynyard, D.S.O., is a firm believer in the value to the cricketer of a "cholera belt"—i.e., a strip of flannel from five to eight inches wide worn round the stomach—and I beg respectfully to endorse his experienced views. The "cholera belt" is a great preventive of chills not only to the

NO MORE BAGGY KNEES



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Send Postcard for FREE PATTERNS consisting of Tweeds, Serges, Flannels, Worsteds, &c. Together with patterns, we send you fashion plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid. *Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned in Full.*

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Our Fountain Pens.

THE MODERN MAN half-guinea Fountain Pen will be sent to any reader in the United Kingdom for 1s. and 12 Pen Coupons.

The nib is 14-carat solid gold, and ball-pointed. The ink is supplied by a twin-feed, with spiral attachment. The body of the pen is of the finest black vulcanite, handsomely chased. It is packed in a special box, with glass-filler and full directions.

A pocket clip to fix the pen securely in the vest pocket is presented absolutely free.

On page 802 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

cricketer, but to anyone taking prolonged exercise in hot weather.

In regard to cricket boots, beware of having them over-spiked or over-nailed.

Of course, every player wants to be reasonably firm on his feet, but many a fieldsman just fails to get to a catch, many a batsman is that fatal fraction of a second too late when jumping out to drive, because his boots are over-spiked or nailed.

Soles of cricket boots should be of medium thickness. The lightness, the sense of greater freedom and activity of thin soles are a temptation, but nails or spikes sooner or later work their way through them and cause all sorts of trouble.

Assuming you have buckskin tops, it is well to have them as tight as you can bear them at first. Even the best of buckskin is bound to stretch, while the cheaper varieties do so rapidly, with the result that the boot speedily becomes uncomfortably loose and sets up blisters and corns.

If you can afford it, it is a good plan to have two or three pairs of boots, spiked or nailed appropriately for hard, medium, or soft ground.

FLANNEL SUITS.

Flannel suits will be as popular as ever this season for boating, tennis, and so on, but don't get a flannel suit for "dressy" purposes. No matter how good the stuff, no matter how well cut, flannel will not keep its shape or appearance like tweed.

Therefore let your "smart" summer suit be of tweed, and, while admitting the popularity of browns, I don't think anything looks better or more gentlemanly than a quiet, well-cut grey tweed.

A COLLAR-STUD HINT.

When the laundress sends you back a shirt whose back-stud-hole is worn so big as to let your stud slip through, here is a useful tip.

Cut a piece of cardboard into a circle just big enough to avoid slipping through the hole in the shirt. Then carefully make an opening in the centre of this ring of cardboard and shove the stud through it.

In this way you will have a back-stud which will serve its purpose efficiently until such time as you can find some obliging member of the fair sex to sew up your shirt for you.

NINE TAILORS=ONE MAN.

A correspondent inquires the origin of the saying "Nine Tailors Make One Man."

There is a popular idea that it has to do with the number of hands through which a suit of clothes passes in the process of making, but I believe this is incorrect. The probable explanation appears to be as follows: In the eighteenth century an orphan boy, homeless and friendless, sought charity at a tailor's shop, where nine workmen were employed.

Each of the good fellows gave him a shilling, or its equivalent of those days, and with this capital he bought fruit and peddled it in the streets.

Ultimately he became rich, and, having acquired the dignity of a crest, he took for his motto "Nine tailors make a man."

MINIATURE MEDALS.

A correspondent inquires about the wearing of miniature medals. They are worn with evening dress only, either mess uniform or the evening togs of civilian life. In the latter case, however, they are worn only when Royalty is present or at functions of a public or official nature, such as a Lord Mayor's or Mayor's banquet. It would be the height of bad form to wear them at a private dinner or other purely social gathering.

When worn they are placed on the left lapel of the coat—civilian decorations such as the medal of the Royal Humane Society on the right lapel. If so numerous that there is not room for them side by side on the lapel they must be made to overlap—i.e., one placed partly on top of another.

Unlike ribbons, medals are never worn in two or more rows. This does not apply to the Stars of Orders which are placed by themselves below medals.

The holder of a medal has to provide the miniature re-production at his own expense, but, of course, ribbons may always be worn in place of miniatures.

MAN OF MYSTERY

and FAITHFUL GUIDE.

Educated in Hindu Philosophy and Egyptian Lore.

This Prophet, to whom the greatest secrets are revealed, offers himself **FREE.** Born in that far-off land of mystery, endowed in a peculiar way when quite a child with an insight into people's lives simply by touching something they had handled, an old Astrologer once said, "He leads where we fail to follow." **His readings from a distance are startling.** Would you wring

FORTUNE'S SECRET

of your failures from her? Well, write at once. He says himself: "I shall be in your life but once; any good I can do let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again." Send name and birth date with directed envelope in your own handwriting. If convenient, send 6d. in stamps of your country to cover postage, &c.

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For full details of Competition see "The Agricultural Economist and Horticultural Review."

THE

NOVELTY FOR 1912.

New "One & All" Annual Poppy, "Hon. H. A. Stanhope."

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Every Reader of "Modern Man" may at once secure a pair of Sandow's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells Free for Seven Days' Trial.

No money to pay. Simply send the Coupon.

For a whole week, without any cost to yourself, without the need of parting with a penny, you may enjoy the strength and health-giving value of Mr. Sandow's Wonderful Invention, the Sandow Spring-Grip Dumb-Bell, which helps you to gain not only greater strength, but more-finely-developed physical proportions. Their use entails no violent exertion, they may be adapted for use by women and children as well as the sturdiest man.

It is only necessary to fill in and forward the coupon below as directed to at once receive a pair of the famous Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells for **seven days' free home trial.** There is nothing to pay. Simply send the coupon, and the Dumb-Bells are at once posted, carriage paid, to your door.

With each pair of Dumb-Bells is sent Two Charts of Exercises, one showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, the other showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, woman or girl, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information, by following which every reader can not only prove his or her strength and general physique, but likewise safeguard and improve the health.

These charts have been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb-Bells, and are obtainable alone with this health and strength-giving invention.

You need not keep the Dumb-Bells after seven days unless you wish, but if, after using these Dumb-Bells **for Seven Days Free,** you decide to keep them, send us deposit of 2/6, and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2/6 per month, which only means the small sum of ONE PENNY PER DAY.

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There is nothing to pay to secure the Dumb-Bells at once, and their use daily will prove a real delight. Send the coupon and you will receive a pair of the Dumb-Bells by return of post. It is only necessary to send *now.*

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Date.....191 .

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FREE TRIAL.

Signed..... *Age*.....

Address.....

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